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[UNEXPECTED INQUIRIES.]

## BOUND TO THE TRAWL.

By the Author of "Clylie Cranbourne," "The Golden Bowl," "Poor Loo," etc.

### CHAPTER XII.

COLONEL CHARTREES STATES HIS INTENTIONS.

Our hearts are set,  
Which way we care not, to be rich or great.  
DENHAM.

MR. CRABTREE'S wooing did not look very promising as Meg sat with her arms akimbo, with the declaration that she considered it sheer stupidity on his part to return a verdict of "Wilful Murder" against Basil.

"But I wasn't alone; 'twasn't me that gave the verdict, there was twelve of us, and there wasn't one against it; twelve respectable tradesmen."

"Twelve respectable jackasses, you should say," with withering contempt.

"Anyway you needn't visit all the blame on me," urged her suitor; "besides, there wasn't any evidence against anybody else."

"And what evidence was there against Basil Rosburn? Only that he was missing, and so would you be missing if somebody had killed you, I guess; you were a clever lot of geese, you jerymen, upon my word."

"But Jacob Jenkins said——"

"There, don't talk about Jacob Jenkins to me, he's a bigger idiot than the rest of you. If it hadn't been for this, I—yes, I might have

thought kindly of what you've more than once said to me. No, don't go away, Katie," this to her niece, who had risen to leave the room; "but now——" she continued, turning to the rope-maker.

He interrupted her, however, in a pleading tone, saying:

"Meggie, don't say anything desperate, you know how fond I am of you. I shall never marry any woman but you, and I'm a lonely man, and I didn't know what verdict you wanted. Why couldn't you have told me?"

The scene was earnest and tragic enough to Robert Crabtree, but it was intensely comic to Katie Jessop, and it was with great difficulty she could suppress her inclination to laugh.

Meg Topsam was not struck by the ridiculous element, however. The matter was a very personal one to her.

She was angry and indignant, and as she considered justly so, at the verdict of the coroner's jury.

Also, she meant to punish her middle-aged suitor for being on it; but there likewise was an idea rather than a decision in her mind that she might one day make up her mind to marry this man, even though he had once had the presumption to marry a wife and bury her; but she was in no hurry.

Indeed until Katie was grown up, or her cousin Growler married, there would be no one to keep house for them, and Meg was not going to put herself or them out of the way for any husband; still she was woman enough to like devotion, and she replied in a less angry tone:

"You should have asked me what I wanted; how could I know you were going to make an idiot of yourself."

"Well, you see, dear, if you was living in the same house, as I've begged you to do—as you truly say more than once—I could ask you what I should do, but as matters now stand its rather inconvenient; now don't you think you could manage to make up your mind to it?"

It was of no use trying, Katie could stand it no longer.

The ludicrousness of the whole scene: A suitor, red-faced, grizzled-haired, inclined to stoutness, and close upon fifty!

And her aunt, tall, bony, with only the vestiges of beauty left, and, according to Katie's ideas, "dreadfully old," being nearly forty; yet both of these people were as much in earnest as any youth or maiden in their teens.

Very absurd to her mind it all seemed, but then, the world was an unopened page to her, and of love she only knew from hearsay, for her feeling for Basil Rosburn had never consciously to herself reached this point; and besides, as she muttered softly, and with a sigh:

"Poor Basil is dead."

But who is this that approaches the house?

A gentleman, old and yet young; his hair is prematurely grey, but he walks with the firm, springy step of youth.

He is accompanied by a younger man—much younger; certainly not over eight and twenty; yet his bushy hair also is tinged with streaks of white, though the two beyond this have no resemblance to each other.

But they are coming to this very house; they knock at the door; her aunt answers it; Katie does not like to do so herself, and the question asked by the elder man is:

"Does Basil Rosburn live here?"

Ratie hears the question, but gives no reply. It would be impossible to say where Basil Rossburn does live.

We must return to The Willows, where Colonel Chartres had a room and nominally lived, though he kept residential chambers in London, where he could hide himself when, as he expressed it, "he felt like a bear," and likewise have the sensation of being more unrestrained than in his step-sister's house.

With further knowledge of them, his liking for his sister's family, with one exception, had not increased.

He was not long in discovering that Amy Garland was vain and selfish, George, idle, extravagant and dissipated, while Minnie, whom the others, whenever they had the chance, snubbed, was the only one who had any real affection for him or interest in any human creature beyond herself.

His step-sister's character too did not come out better on closer acquaintance; she was vain and indolent, jealous even of her own children, and often making herself ridiculous in her craving for admiration, while it soon became very plainly evident that, with the exception of Minnie, they all looked upon him as a species of gold mine, from which they could now draw limited supplies, but whence they would one day get a very large fortune.

Not a pleasing idea for a man that he is only cared for because of his possessions, and in view of what can be got from him.

But Colonel Chartres had not many relatives in the world, more than that he had a purpose to accomplish—something to discover that he was not as yet prepared to take the world into his confidence upon, and Minnie's gentle and unobtrusive affection more than atoned for the shallow selfishness which characterised the rest of her family.

He was very liberal too, as he could afford to be.

For one thing, he insisted upon paying many of the household bills; he made his sister and nieces handsome presents of things brought from India, and if they but expressed a desire for any special thing it was almost sure within a few days to be in their possession.

"What a pity uncle can't buy one rich and handsome husband," said Amy, languidly, one afternoon, as she surveyed a pretty bracelet that she had a few days before admired and now called her own; "he is almost equal to one of the fairy godmothers we used to read of in our nursery days; but since he can't give us everything, I should like to know if he has made his will; he must be enormously rich."

"If he has, I hope he will not forget that I am the head of the family," remarked George, stretching his limbs lazily.

"You!" with a toss of the head; "he seems to take very much more kindly to Percy Rossburn; indeed, I often wonder how Percy can stand him."

"I don't know why he should not be interested in Uncle Basil," here interposed Minnie; "he is exceedingly interesting, has travelled and observed so much that I quite understand that a younger man must find him most fascinating."

"Must confess I haven't found it myself," yawned her brother.

"Which does not count for much," retorted Minnie.

At which her brother started up as he said: "Here, Min, I'm not going to stand snubs from you; Amy and me give it me quite strong enough without your developing a tendency in that direction; I won't be at upon all round."

"It wouldn't be a comfortable position for anybody to sit upon you, I should imagine," retorted Amy, slightly; "but when are you going to do anything, George? What are you going to be? Here you are, three-and-twenty years of age and no fortune or profession! What are you going to do?"

"Spend my uncle's money."

"You have to get it first."

"That's just what I'm trying to do, and you girls don't go a step to help me."

"Why should we?" asked Amy; "all we can get we shall want for ourselves; besides, it's disgusting for a man to be waiting for dead men's shoes; for a woman it's different, there is nothing for us but marriage."

"Or work," suggested her sister.

"Work!" repeated Amy, scornfully; "imagine a gentlewoman doing work for money."

"I can very well imagine it," returned Minnie, "can't you, uncle?" she asked, turning to Colonel Chartres, who had just entered the room.

"I imagine what?" he inquired.

"A gentlewoman working for money, or in other words, earning her living?"

"Certainly," was the reply; "suitable honest work enables both man and woman; there is nothing I despise more than helplessness idleness."

"Just the sentiments we were expressing, uncle," remarked Amy, maliciously. She had not approved of the remark George made about her sitting upon him and resolved to punish him in consequence; besides, it might induce their relative to make some statement of his intentions with regard to the whole of them, so unseemly the inspiring looks cast at her, she went on: "And we have been talking seriously to George. It is quite time he made up his mind as to what profession or calling he will follow; now don't you think it is time a decision was made?"

"Most decidedly; I had been in the army five years when I was his age."

Then turning to his nephew, he asked:

"What have you made up your mind to, George?"

"Nothing," was the reply.

"But you can't live on nothing," with a dash of contempt, "and you have no private fortune, have you?"

"Not that I am aware of," with an awkward laugh, "though if I must make a choice I should like to go into the army."

"Too expensive," commented the elder man seriously; "living on your pay would be most miserable work, and you have no private income—no, I think you had better go into trade. I think it would suit you better than anything else."

"Trade! my dear brother, what can you be thinking of? Imagine the disgrace!"

"I confess I don't see it," was the retort; "a man should go in for what he can do, not what he can't. At present George does nothing, and it's only a burden to himself and all with whom he comes in contact; if he thoroughly went in for work now there might be some hope for him."

"But trade, brother! it seems as though there were pitch about it. We always thought—" (a pause)—"we always expected—hoped" (more hesitation, then desperately), "that in the family he would be provided for."

"In other words that he will be my heir."

There was a dead silence, then Col. Chartres went on:

"Pray dismiss any such idea from your mind if you entertain it; you do not at present know my heir. I shall leave your two girls something; for yourself, you are provided for, and George must, of course, make a career for himself."

"Must, of course," repeated that young man with a sigh. "I don't myself see the necessity as much as other people do."

"That may be, but it exists; my wealth, whatever it may be, is due to someone else; but I have an appointment; I must leave you."

And he went away, leaving something like dismay behind him.

"I shouldn't wonder if he leaves all his money to Percy Rossburn," muttered George, sullenly; "it's always those fellows who don't need money that get it."

"He says we do not know his heir," mused Mrs. Garland; "surely he can never have committed the folly of getting married; that would be the worst of all."

"Why should it be folly for uncle to be mar-

ried?" asked Minnie; "it is what other people do."

But the others all turned upon her angrily, while her mother said, fretfully:

"I wish, Minnie, you would not talk such rubbish; you make my head ache with your nonsense."

While George exclaimed with more animation than he usually displayed:

"So my grand prospects have come to this. I am advised to go into trade, and told I must work for my living; I wonder why I was born," and he began to pace the room impatiently.

"I think I'll go and hang myself."

"I would if I were you, if it isn't too much trouble," mocked Amy.

But his mother here interposed:

"Don't talk such nonsense, George; go and ask Percy Rossburn's advice, and go in earnestly for some profession. I have money, you know, and your uncle will help you I am sure if you show an earnest desire to do something."

His son made a grimace, then said, "I will."

He reflected also that it would not be quite so slow in town as it was here, and at any rate he could amuse himself. So for town he started, but as he mounted Percy Rossburn's stairs in the Middle Temple he came face to face with Col. Chartres, who had evidently just left the young barrister.

But his uncle took no notice of him as he passed.

He was absorbed in painful thought, and George heard him mutter as he went down the stairs:

"No clue, no clue; where can she be?"

"She," thought the young man; "who can he be looking for, I wonder? if she is young and he would leave her his money my prospects might not be so bad after all."

With which reflection the young man, whose business in life seemed to be to scheme and plan how to avoid any kind of work, walked into the presence of Percy Rossburn.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### "LIFE IS FULL OF SURPRISES."

Alas! the heart that truly bleeds  
Has nought to fear from outward blow;  
Who falls from all he knows of bliss  
Cares little into what abyss.

BROWN.

A GREATER contrast than these two young men presented you could scarcely meet.

Percy Rossburn is not more than five feet eight in height, is macular, closely knit, and somewhat thickly set, while his large but strongly cut features, keen, blue-green eyes, overhanging bushy eyebrows, and strong, brown-black hair, which is prematurely turning grey, give him a look of intense force and power which so fully impresses itself upon the beholder that, having once looked, you instinctively turn to look again.

His face is closely shaven, the dark shade from which marks his upper lip and chin, showing where a strong growth of moustache, whisker, and beard would be if he but allowed them to grow.

There is firmness and tenacity of purpose in his full but well cut lips, in the heavy square chin, the strong white teeth, the glance of the keen eye, and the earnest contraction of the bushy brows, while, through it all, there can be no two opinions as to his being a handsome man.

As for George Garland, he is tall, lanky, his bones loosely articulated, his face, handsome as that of all the Garlands, is weak and effeminate, while his hay-coloured hair, slight, reddish moustache, and faded, light grey eyes, all denote indolence and infirmity of purpose; if not actual incapacity for making his stamp and personal imprint felt upon his own generation, or for his own honour or benefit.

"How do, old fellow?" he said, loosely shaking Percy's hand. "Had the Great Mogul here, haven't you?"

"You mean your uncle?"

"Of course! Who else should I mean? He



has been sitting on me with a vengeance to-day, so much so that I've come to ask your advice."

"I am afraid it won't be of much use to you. But what is the matter?"

"Excuse me a minute. I may smoke, I suppose?"

"Yes," in a slow, uncertain tone, as though the permission were reluctant.

"Thanks," paying no heed to this. "A cigar is the only solace for a man who has been upset as I have."

Then he lighted his cigar, puffed at it slowly, threw himself into an arm-chair, and asked:

"What do you think the old savage had the impudence to say to me to-day?"

"Couldn't guess."

"I shouldn't think you could. He advised me to go into trade."

"Ah! ah!"

Percy Rossburn could not help laughing as he asked:

"Did he specify any particular branch that he thought you well qualified for?"

"No, confound his impudence! He said he should leave something to my sisters, that mother was provided for, and I must look after myself, and was only fit to go into trade. He also said we didn't know his heir. Do you think it's true, or that he is only trying us? He was never married, you know."

"Wasn't he?"

"Of course not—at least"—in a startled and more doubtful tone, "we never heard of his being so."

"Perhaps not, but it doesn't follow that every marriage should appear in the first column of the 'Times,' and he may have been married without taking the whole world into his confidence."

"That is true; but is it probable?"

"Quite, I should say. Your mother is only his half-sister, therefore his not telling her anything about it would not be singular."

"But is he married? Do you know anything about it?"

"I am not at liberty to say."

"Humph!"

And George Garland smoked gloomily.

After a time, however, he said:

"Then I suppose he was right when he advised me to make up my mind to be something or other. There's one comfort—mother has a good income."

"Yes."

"I wonder if I should make anything as a barrister?" he went on. "How do you find it pay?"

"Oh, very well! But then I put work, not play, as the first duty in life."

"Yes, I know; and you mean I should have to do so too?"

"If you wish to achieve anything at the Bar or at any other vocation."

"It's awfully hard," with a yawn. "Hard work and exertion does not agree with me, unless I go in for it when I am inclined. Are there no easy-going berths I could just slip into?"

"Plenty of chances at your age, but you must pass a stiff examination. There's the Indian Civil for instance."

"Out of the question; I should be plucked to a dead certainty, and if, by a miracle, I escaped that, I should be roasted when I got out there. I should like the army, and suggested it to my respected uncle, but he poo-pooed it at once, saying a man in the army wanted a private income, and I haven't one, so I suppose there's nothing for it but the Bar."

"You don't care for physic?"

"No; I should poison some of my patients by mistake. Besides, I don't like the profession, and if a man has anything of a practice it's confounded hard work being a doctor. No; I don't see anything for it but going to the Bar."

"If you want to make money you'll find it very unsatisfactory," objected Percy Rossburn.

"Why should I? You haven't found it so."

"No, but I had advantages. I have an uncle and some half-dozen cousins who are solicitors, so I had no difficulty in getting my first briefs,

and besides, Garland, you must not forget that I have worked hard—worked," he repeated, with a stern intense look upon his face, "as you never will do."

"I don't know," was the careless reply. "I might become industrious for a change, and I believe there are possibilities in me; but I've made up my mind since I came here. I'll be a barrister. Now, I know I'm in your way; suppose you come up and dine with us this evening. 'I'll call in for you on my way home.'"

"I am afraid I can't spare the time."

"Stuff! Time was made for slaves. Besides, you must eat; mother and the girls expect you. Shall I come again at six?"

"Very well, do." And they parted.

Left alone, Percy Rossburn began to examine some papers which he had hastily covered with a brief when young Garland entered the room.

They seemed to puzzle him, as, indeed, they might well do.

There was a copy of a marriage certificate and numerous letters, the latter all in a woman's handwriting, and one, too, that the young barrister recognised.

"Life is full of surprises," he muses, as he looks over these epistles. "Here is my aunt, my father's youngest sister, who disappeared in such a mysterious manner, proved to have been married, and her husband knows nothing of her present whereabouts, and seems to have lost her as completely as we have. It is an odd case, and becomes still more so as I look into it. No wonder Chartres started and dropped his glass when he heard my name. His statement of the whole matter is as singular as the rest of this mysterious affair."

"He says," glancing at a paper he held in his hand, "I fell in love with your aunt, Beatrice Rossburn, when she was but fifteen, and I was nearly double her age, but I said nothing of it. I went out to India, and when I came back on leave ten years later I found her unmarried, and more lovely than ever."

"I don't know how she grew to care for me, but she did, and we resolved to get married. She was then five-and-twenty, but her father and brother, though they could not legally interfere, had great influence over her, and wished her to marry a husband of their own choosing, consequently they opposed her union with me, and did all in their power to prevent it."

"My leave had nearly expired. We were getting desperate when Beatrice's father became ill, and declared that if his daughter left him to go out to India he should die. Also he insinuated I only wanted to marry her for her money, which was settled exclusively upon herself."

"I can well believe the old man said that," exclaimed Percy, pausing in the perusal of the manuscript, with a bitter laugh. "What an old tyrant my venerable grandfather was, to be sure, and how it must have maddened him not to be able to lock everybody up that opposed him and pocket all their coin. No wonder being thwarted made him ill! I know if he had lived any longer he would have driven me to run away from him; but to return to Colonel Chartres' statement."

"In this difficulty Beatrice yielded to my entreaties and became my wife. We were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. I consented, however, to the marriage being kept secret for one year, when I would sell out of the army and come home to England to claim my wife."

"Then I started for India, and never again saw the woman I loved dearer than my own life."

"For several months I had letters from my wife, and from those I knew that I was soon to become a father."

"I was making all my arrangements to return to England when the Indian Mutiny broke out, and it was impossible for me to leave the service. At the siege of Delhi I was wounded, my life despaired of, and it was long before I sufficiently recovered to be sent to England."

"For many months I had not heard from my wife. Some of my letters to her had been returned to me through the post office, not having been claimed."

"I was little more than a wreck when I reached England. Anxiety was lessening my chance of life, but I went to my wife's father's house and demanded his daughter."

"Here I was received with scorn and insult, and was accused of having stolen her away from home for the sake of her fortune."

"I can't tell you all that passed. I learnt that my wife had been on a visit to a relative in Lincolnshire, that she started from her aunt's house for London, but never reached it."

"Later on I discovered that an accident had occurred upon the line of railway that my wife had travelled by; but I was knocked down by the information, was ill for a long time, and all inquiries I could make were useless. My wife was lost of dead."

"When I recovered from my illness I set detectives to look for my lost wife, but they learnt nothing. I went to India, and there I have remained ever since. Now, I am determined to find out what became of my darling, and also if a child of mine is living."

"With this object in view, I have employed the cleverest detectives in England, and they tell me—"

A knock at the door, and George Garland again appears upon the scene.

"Ten minutes past six," he observes, as he lounges with his badly-hooked limbs into the room. "Not ready, old fellow?"

"Yes," replied Percy, reluctantly, as he swept the papers into a drawer. "Now I am at your disposal."

But he was dull and abstracted for the rest of the evening.

The story of his aunt's marriage with Colonel Chartres was still too fresh in his mind to allow any other feeling to be second to it.

And Amy Garland, piqued and angry, impatiently declared the man to be a stock, a stone, or an idiot.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### A WEARISOME GUEST.

The good are better made by ill  
As odours crushed are sweeter still. ROGERS.

"You see what the detectives tell me," remarked Col. Chartres, nervously, a week after Percy's last visit to the Cedars.

"Yes," with a glance at some papers. "They say a lady was found among the injured persons from the railway accident on the very day my aunt Beatrice left her aunt's house to return to London, and that after giving birth to a male child she died, the only clue to her identity being that her linen was marked 'B. Rossburn.'"

"Yes," interrupted the older man, with pained emotion. "I knew she was dead; I felt it. Nothing but death would have kept my darling from me. My Beatrice, how I loved her! I have lived in darkness, and my heart has been withered ever since."

"You forget your child, who may still be living," said Percy, trying to rouse him from the gloomy frame of mind into which he had fallen.

"No, I do not," returned Col. Chartres, eagerly. "I start to-day to look for him. I pray that he may be living, and next to that I trust he has fallen into no crime, and that he is neither ignorant nor vulgar. But I must go," rising to his feet.

"Wait a couple of hours, uncle, and I will go with you," said Percy, persuasively. "You can catch no earlier train than the one I shall be ready to go by; and as for your son, don't concern yourself about him; race and blood must tell. We rear our horses and dogs and cattle, knowing pretty well what their offspring will be, while we talk and speak and act as though the human animal did not follow the same law of nature. Depend upon it your son will resemble his father or mother, or be like both of his parents, and in that case you need have no fear for him."

"Perhaps, but there is the force of circumstances, which alters and modifies all things human."

"Men are the sport of circumstances when those circumstances seem the sport of men, and what effect they may have had upon a helpless and friendless child 'twould be hard to contemplate. I have a sinking of the heart, a premonition of danger, sorrow or disappointment. It is a sure sign, it never fails me, something worse than I have yet suffered in store for me. Yes, I shall be glad of your company, Percy, I am not as strong to suffer as I once was; sorrow and suffering have weakened and unnerved me."

"Are you well enough to travel to-day?" asked the young barrister, with real concern; "would you like me to go down alone?"

"No, I must go also. Poor Beatrice, my wife, buried in a nameless and unknown grave; poor darling; it was cruel and sad; terribly sad!"

To offer consolation to a man in Col. Chartres' present condition, was, Percy Rossburn felt, quite useless; he must be roused by rapid motion, and the feeling that he was going to, or was doing something for his unknown son, so the young man who, though stern and hard in appearance, was truly kind-hearted, called his clerk, arranged his business for a day or two, directing where work that must be attended to should be sent, then, having also prepared for his journey, he took his uncle's arm and led him off to a club where they could both have a good luncheon before starting.

After all there is nothing like a crowded thoroughfare in London for rousing a man out of moody, sensitive, or selfish thoughts into taking an interest in the purposes and pursuits of his fellow creatures.

To a man like Col. Chartres, who fancied himself something of a philosopher, the effect of pushing his way along Fleet Street, and walking through Temple Bar, the days of which were numbered, could not fail to distract his mind from his own grief, and make him wonder what so many people could find to do in the world, and why they were all of them in such a violent hurry to get through it.

The consequence of which was, that by the time he sat down to luncheon he had recovered his equanimity, and also had got up something like an appetite.

It was not the time of year, or the kind of day Percy Rossburn would readily have selected for travelling had there been much choice left open to him, for a north-east wind seemed to cut and sting the faces of the two men as they came out of the chambers in the Temple, and before they had finished luncheon the snow, which had been threatening all day, fell down in large white flakes in a lazy and deliberate manner as though intent upon making a night of it.

"Cold for a railway journey," remarked Percy, with something like a shiver.

"Yes, but I like the cold," was the reply.

At which the younger man felt that he must not grumble, and the two started on their long and tedious quest.

It is needless to follow them very closely. After much difficulty they discovered the details of the death of that poor lady and the birth of her child just seventeen years ago, and ascertained where, as a pauper baby, he had been taken care of.

"No hope of his being alive, poor little chap," thought Percy, when he heard what had become of the infant, "left to the tender mercies of a workhouse nurse; he must have been a cripple or a corpse long ago."

But he did not give utterance to his mental comment, though, hoping to save Colonel Chartres a shock, he did try to make the first inquiries himself and alone.

This he was unable to do, but he was agreeably surprised to find that for once he was mistaken.

The clothes that poor Beatrice Rossburn, or Chartres as she should rightly have been called, wore on that fatal journey had been preserved by the guardians of the parish in which she died, as had also the wedding-ring she wore, and inside of which were the words in old English, which the colonel, before looking at it, was able to repeat:

"I like my choyse."

Having expressed his intention and entire

willingness to pay handsomely for any trouble or expense his son had occasioned, Colonel Chartres was informed that the lad had been healthy, intelligent, and well behaved, and three years previously had been bound apprentice to the owner of a fishing smack at Great Barmouth.

"Then he is there still?" asked the anxious father.

"We have had no notice to the contrary," was the cautious reply, made, not from a knowledge of the real circumstances of the case, but from a reasonable appreciation of the dangers of a fisherman's calling.

The address of the owner of the "Pretty Kitty," to whom Basil Rossburn had been bound apprentice, was written down for the gentleman, all claim for the lad's maintenance satisfied, and thus the second day after they had left town together Colonel Chartres and Percy Rossburn arrived at Great Barmouth, and leaving their travelling bags at the railway station, proceeded with but little questioning and still less conversation to the house of Captain Growler.

(To be Continued.)

### COME TO THE FLOWERY DELL.

Come to the flowery dell,  
Come o'er the waving lea,  
I've something sweet to tell,  
That must be told to thee.  
We'll wander where the little birds  
Keep warbling all the day,  
And where the sparkling stream is  
heard,  
Aye murmur'ing on its way.

So come, my little darling,  
Oh, come to the flowery dell,  
Oh, come with me, we'll happy be,  
While I something to thee tell.

The moon is smiling clear,  
O'er wood and verdant vale,  
So come and wander near  
The streamlet in the dale.  
And while the breeze goes singing by,  
Or kissing all the flowers,  
My heart with whisperings may try  
To tell, what may be ours.

Beneath the greenwood bough,  
While hand in hand we wait,  
I'll speak the tender vow,  
To you—my little mate.  
And of the future days in store,  
We'll dare to think and say,  
That happy we have been before,  
And trust we may be aye. S. B. N.

### SCIENCE.

An analogy between the action of the phonograph and the action of the brain in the processes of memory, has been suggested by Mr. C. W. Siemens. "It seems a fair question to ask," he says, "whether the grey substance of the brain may not, after all, be something analogous to a storehouse of photographic impressions, representing the accumulated treasure of our knowledge and experience, to be called into requisition by the directing power of the mind in turning on, as it were, one barrel or another." Mr. Siemens also thinks this hypothesis explains confused dreams, which may be regarded as due to some local disturbances that turn on several phonographic barrels of memory at the same time.

In the course of the annual Rede lecture delivered at Cambridge, Professor Clerk Maxwell, F.R.S., the lecturer this year, referred to the microphone as follows: "The Entomological Society have recently been much interested by Mr. Wood-Mason's discovery of a stridulating (namely, sound-producing) apparatus in scorpions. Perhaps ere long a microphone, placed in

a nest of tropical scorpions, may be connected up to a receiver in the apartments of the Society, so as to give the members and their musical friends an opportunity of deciding whether the musical state of the scorpion resembles that of the nightingale or that of the cat.

At Bois-le-Duc, in Holland, a skilful method of making imitation diamonds has lately been perfected and bids fair to put many spurious gems into the market. Common glass is carbonised and so treated that it may be cut and polished into a close resemblance to the fine Brazilian diamond, which will deceive highly-skilled lapidaries, and cannot be detected by tests that have usually proved effectual. Experts recommend the use of a small file drawn across the surface as the only infallible test. This will not injure a diamond, but is destructive to the imitation.

THE use of gun-cotton, rockets for fog-signals, instead of cannons, has been recommended by Professor Tyndall. He has a high opinion of the value of guns for signalling in fogs, but in rock-lighthouses it might often be inconvenient to mount them. Here he would employ the rockets we speak of, in which the explosive agent is from four to twelve ounces of gun-cotton. They ascend to a height of a thousand feet before exploding, and the report has been heard a distance of twenty-five miles. Professor Tyndall proposes to call this kind of rocket the Collinson Rocket, after its inventor, Sir Richard Collinson.

In his latest speech before the Royal Geographical Society Mr. H. M. Stanley gave an account of his measurements of the height of Victoria Nyanza above the sea-level. On this lake—the larger of the two great lake-sources of the Nile—he boiled the thermometer twenty-seven times. Nine calculations, carefully corrected in England, give the lake an elevation of four thousand one hundred and sixty-eight feet above the ocean. In 1862 Captain Speke made the altitude eight hundred feet less.

Among the noteworthy objects shown recently at a reception to the Chemical Society by Dr. Gladstone, the following are mentioned: A new colouring matter derived from egg-shells, which yields a spectrum like cruentin, made from blood; a number of candles which had been exposed to the action of sea-water, one hundred and seventy-three years; some minerals with cavities containing liquid carbonic acid; and an immense cairngorm, weighing fifty-one ounces cut.

WITHIN the past year, Mr. Francis Darwin has made some interesting experiments in feeding carnivorous *Drosophila* plants. The object was to ascertain whether they would profit by such a diet of meat as he gave them, or not. The results show that they gained greatly thereby. Not only did the fed plants yield more flower stalks and seeds than those which were not fed, but their average weight at the end of the experiments was more than twice as much.

THE Polymicroscope is Germany's latest contribution to microscopical science. It is a contrivance which enables the observer, without change of slide or re-adjustment of object-glass, to study sixty preparations under his microscope, in immediate succession. The principal of the revolving stereoscope has been applied to the construction of this novel apparatus by Herr Von Lenhossek.

CATILLON'S researches in France on the physiological action of glycerine when administered internally, tend to confirm his original impression that the glycerine is entirely oxidised in the body. It seems to be completely absorbed in the stomach, and nowhere reappears as glycerine, except perhaps the merest trace. Catillon could not find any evidence of its presence in the blood.

We often puff away with a laughing breath all better thoughts, as you blow away the down from a dandelion in seed.





[THE AWAKENING.]

## THE WHISPERS OF NORMAN CHASE.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

Enough for me  
To know that he  
Was bad and cruel, and she died.  
THE BOND GIRL.

In the grace and luxury of her new retreat, however, our young Augusta, with the volatility of her nature, speedily began to find the ways and means of soothing her own impatience.

"Arabian Prince, or Robinson Crusoe, palace or island, it doesn't matter which," she laughed to herself, "I must look over my little kingdom."

From the ante-chamber there opened a huge, light, dry, airy store closet, in which the kindly forethought of her protectors had accumulated such a collection of delicacies, solid and liquid, as once more provoked her to laughter.

"Well," she thought, "I could stand a state of siege for at least a year, with all that; what do the goodies mean by it? And, as I have no one else to talk to, I shall talk to myself."

The store-room afforded amusement for an hour. Then she examined all the furniture—tables, sofas, ottomans, chairs, bric-a-brac, mirrors, pictures, bed, bath-room, and bookshelves.

"Ah, here is a piano, too," she said, trying, in her forgetfulness, to open it. But it was firmly locked, and a moment's reflection told her that, in any case, she dared not have played upon it. So she reverted to the bookshelves.

"The very story! I shall read over again what happened to the Arabian Prince."

In spite of her resolution, however, not to believe in any nonsense, it made her uncomfortable.

But that soon passed away. She looked at the clock. Five hours only since they had come.

It is to be feared that Miss Augusta Fairleigh forgot good manners, sighed, "heigho!" and yawned at her own face in the mirror. It is even to be feared that she made a grimace at it.

"I can look at you any time," she said, with a twist of her nose. What's to be done next? Oh, dinner—and not twelve o'clock! No cooking either. I'll make some tea."

Still, although she prolonged every task as long as possible, played at formality, actually dressed for dinner—an abundant wardrobe had been provided—made small speeches to herself, resolved over and over again to put away every weak and foolish fancy, took down one book after another, and dawdled deliberately over the duty of "clearing away," the time would hang heavily; the evening brought a sense of almost hysterical irritation, and the night one of indefinable terror.

Before retiring to rest, she found herself, prompted by she knew not what feeling, listening at the yellow door.

It was locked on the inside; but they had not insulted her by taking the key away.

Clearly, she was not alone in that house, or mansion, or castle, or whatever it might be. She heard voices, none of which she knew, except one, that seemed vaguely familiar.

Footsteps, moreover, passed to and fro along the corridor; but none stopped, even for an instant, at the yellow-painted door.

"Who are they?" was the question put to herself by Augusta Fairleigh, "and what are they saying?"

Now, listening is not, in general, a commendable practice, but if ever it was excusable, surely so in a place of mystery like this, and in such a situation as her own!

Augusta never moralised a bit upon the point, but listened.

She would have been very much astonished had anyone told her she was doing wrong, and

acting the part of an eavesdropper. When, at last, the reflection did occur, she put it aside with:

"Of course, I have a right to know, if possible, where I am, and who these people are that are in the same house with me!"

Of course you were, Augusta; but there was little to be learned in that imperfect whispering-gallery.

Her quick intelligence soon informed her of one thing.

There had been dead stillness and silence during the day.

There was considerable activity, and some little noise now, after midnight.

But, though she noticed the fact, she was unable to draw any reasonable inference from it.

The next day was got through in much the same manner, with slightly less tedium, because there was the chance that she might overhear, in the darkness, something which would help to explain her position. And then, Gilbert Green and his wife might, at any moment, return.

Besides, wearied by her vigil, which had lasted far longer than she imagined, Miss Fairleigh, who was certainly no enchanted princess in captivity, amused herself once more by dressing elaborately for dinner, childishly laid a cover for the Arabian Prince, whenever he should choose to appear, resumed her morning attire when the banquet—including a preserved peach and a glass of port wine—was over—the disgraceful little epicure! and, must it be said? enjoyed a good after-dinner nap.

When, therefore, midnight came, and with it shufflings of feet and half-suppressed voices, like those of the previous night, Augusta felt no weariness, and all her faculties were on the alert.

By degrees the sounds appeared to take a more distinct form, though still a broken and ambiguous one.

"It's somewhere about here, I am certain," said one person.

"So am I," replied another. "Have you tried that yellow door?"

Augusta's heart gave a great bound. In an instant the full seriousness of her position was remembered.

While playing with herself, as it were, and acting a part like a child in a nursery, for her own amusement, and to pass away the time, she had half-forgotten why she was thus shut up, that a pitiless and determined enemy stood in her path, and that she was in hiding from, not any ordinary danger, but from those who sought her death.

What if they were on the other side of that door, and should burst it open?

All this flashed through her mind before she heard the answer. It was reassuring.

"No, it's only a dummy."

So far she was safe.

She listened still with less trepidation.

"Then I see nothing to be done. It is impossible to take it round by the hall, or even down the backstairs."

"It must be got rid of."

"Unless we nail up the door, fill up the frame with plaster, and daub it over with dirty paint."

"What, and leave it?"

"For ever, or until they find it," the other man replied, with a villanous chuckle.

Then the two speakers walked away, and Augusta could make out no more of what they said, though they still continued talking.

Sleep did not visit her that night.

Nor did she rest for a moment, or take a meal, or occupy herself with anything all the next day.

What was that "it" they were speaking of? The insignificant little word suggested only ghastly meanings to her mind.

What particular meaning?

What but one?

"Oh! I cannot bear it," she cried. "When will they come back? Why do they not come back? I shall die. I shall lose my senses. What horrible thing is it that they are doing, so near me?"

And she threw herself upon her bed in a paroxysm, and lay long without sense, though not without the consciousness of a hideous vision that shaped itself out of her fears.

When she recovered it was night.

Hurriedly she took a light and went to look at the clock.

Ten minutes to twelve.

She was perfectly composed after her agony of horror.

There was no folly, no cowardice, no faltering, in her spirit now.

When those men had come and gone, she, happen what might, would leave her seclusion, and endeavour to discover what they were talking about.

"Well?" she presently heard one of these midnight whisperers say.

The voice? Impossible! Where had she heard it?

Straining her ears to catch the reply, they caught an ejaculation of the most brutal blasphemy, with the words:

"It is useless trying any more. The yellow door's a dummy, you say, and we will have another dummy door in Norman Chase to-morrow."

Norman Chase!

That then was the place of her concealment.

"They are gone," she said—there was some of Evelyn's spirit in her now—"I will wait a little; but it would break my heart to stay here, and not know what is doing. Ah! Evelyn, if you were here, how brave you would be!"

Not braver, in fact, than was Augusta at that moment.

For, preparing a lamp, which she could shade or completely mask at will, she cautiously opened the door and looked out.

All was utterly dark and still.

She noiselessly stepped into the passage, and, holding up the lamp on either side, walked in the direction which the two strangers had taken.

Several doors were arranged along each side of the corridor, some open, others shut.

Those that were closed she opened and looked through, nerving herself each time she did so with a gasp, as it were, of galvanic courage. She was seeking for something, and how glad she felt when she did not find it!

But she found it at length. It was the last door in the passage.

Upon opening this door she was startled by a pale and flickering light within.

A lamp was flaring itself out on a table near a shuttered window.

Augusta shut her eyes, forgot all caution, and darted into the room.

In less time than could be counted she darted back with such a shriek as she herself had only heard once in her life, and that was on a fatal night, beneath this very roof.

Another and another, and another—piercing and more piercing, rang far away through the echoing old mansion, and Augusta Fairleigh lay a mass of white drapery on the floor.

For, on another table, the lamplight had shown her an open coffin, and in it the still, white face of a dead woman.

They thought that she, too, was dead—those who came hurrying in disorder, as also on that other well-remembered night.

Her countenance was bloodless; her features were rigid; her hand still clutched the lamp whose light had been dashed out in the fall. But a trickling of blood from a cut in her forehead proved her to be still living.

Everything seemed to be forgotten—even the strange thing in the now dark room—until the young girl opened her eyes, drew a long breath, and sat up on the bed where they had lain her.

"Who is it?" asked Sir Norman Hedley. "I should know her. I have seen her before."

"Yes, you should know her," said Lady Norman in a tone that drew attention. "You have seen her before."

"It is Augusta Fairleigh," answered Evelyn, "once, and now I hope for ever, my dearest friend."

"And who is—who was—that—that other?" he went on.

"Mathew Drake's wife, murdered by Mathew Drake!" she replied, with a calmness that astounded those around her.

"Leave this dear one with me," she added. "To-morrow shall be the last of that man's career. No, Herbert, I am perfectly safe. He will not come. I saw his evil face, slinking away from the corner."

"But if he should—"

"If he should, why—"

She left the sentence unfinished.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

He sleeps in dull, cold marble.

WOLFEY.

WHATEVER fate controls the movements of mortal creatures had brought together a strange group beneath the roof of Norman Chase.

Evelyn and her mother—for on that point both of them had cast their last doubts to the winds—were, however, the only two, supposing Sir Norman himself to be labouring under no hallucination, who were entitled, as of right, to be there.

Between these two a deep love, born of intuitive sympathies, had sprung to life; but their mutual tenderness, to an observer, would have appeared to resemble that of an elder and a younger sister rather than that of parent and child.

On the morning after the discovery of the coffin, with its pale inmate, in that far-away room, and of Augusta lying inanimate, as pale and hardly less lifelike, at the door of her dainty retreat, the baronet, Herbert Leaholme, and Gilbert Green were assembled in the library.

The elder man sat silently, fixing a pained and anxious look upon the countenance of the younger.

One of the few servants who had remained about the place—one very old and very infirm—tapped at the door and signalled to Gilbert Green, who went out to him. In a few moments he returned.

"Pardon me, Sir Norman," he said, in very deferential tones, "old Hewlett has been here, and says that all the servants but himself have left the Chase in a fright. They declare that they couldn't for their lives stay in a house where there had been a second murder."

"A second murder!" shouted the baronet, starting to his feet.

"You heard what Miss Evelyn said, Sir Norman," answered Gilbert Green. "What order may I give?"

He seemed stunned and said nothing. There was silence for a time. At length, Gilbert ventured to break it.

"Something must be done, Sir Norman."

"Lady Norman will give the orders," he replied. "I have nothing to do with them!"

Gilbert Green thought excessive excitement had dethroned his reason.

He, the master of Norman Chase, nothing to do with the orders given there!

"Forgive me, Sir Norman," he persisted, "it is a painful task for a lady. After the words spoken last night, and which the idiots who have run away will, of course, spread and magnify all over the neighbourhood, there will probably be an investigation. Meanwhile, what is to be done with the—the thing upstairs?"

A second inquest to be held at Norman Chase!

Another far-pervading breath of dreadful whispers—creeping up from the vaults beneath, uttered low at the door of that haunted room, talking together, as it were, in secret corners, asking ghastly questions, and giving shrouded answers, ghostly voices, some of the living, others of the dead, half-dashed tones of love, half coherent murmurs of hate—rustling voices, voices of people speaking under masks and vanishing.

Had Norman Chase been once more a feudal fortress, with culverins thundering at its gates, and the banner of its lord flung defiantly to the breeze, Sir Norman would have planted himself where the battle pressed most closely. In the midst of modern light and modern peace, he quailed, as though the little rush of a mouse, behind a wainscoat, could tell some deadly secret.

"Where is Mathew Drake?" asked Herbert Leaholme. "Miss Evelyn spoke of him."

"Nowhere to be found, sir," answered Gilbert. "He has been looked for, and called for, everywhere. Rely upon it, sir, he is far away, by this time."

Gilbert Green was right. The runaway servants had spread abroad their own version of that hideous night-scene, and "authority" was on the alert, stimulated, no doubt, by the remembrance and ridicule of its previous failure. In fact, it was not long before the double-knocks of officialism, which always knocks loudest when its visits are least agreeable, were heard at the door.

There need be no artificial pause of suspense over this episode.

As a matter of course, an inquest was held, with its usual scientific investigations, and the examination of witnesses.

The testimony of the dead pointed in no way to any crime. It told of wasting want, of a perplexing disease, of nature succumbing to some subtle, irresistible influence, but of nothing more.

Evelyn Hedley could only relate her own experience, and explain why she had formed an opinion.

"Only that, and nothing more!"

Augusta Fairleigh described the night-whispers in the corridor outside her rooms. These amounted to an embarrassment with respect to the disposal of a dead body rather than foul play with regard to a living one.

The room at the Chase and the whole of the moat were searched with the most minute and elaborate care; not a tittle of criminatory evidence could be found.

Only, in the passage leading between the yellow door and the door of the chamber in which the coffin with the corpse in it had been found, was picked up a small phial, containing a greenish liquid, which, upon analysis, proved



to be laurel-water, well known as among the most subtle, secret, and deadly of poisons.

But not a drop—not half a drop—of it had been used. The little bottle was full to the cork.

"Natural Death," therefore, was the verdict recorded, though a dense and black suspicion descended like an infernal cloud on the name of Mathew Drake.

The coroner's order got rid of whatever difficulty existed with reference to the disposal of poor Esther Drake's remains.

The baronet appeared to experience a sense of deep relief, at which everybody, with one or two exceptions, wondered.

It was after this melancholy interlude was over, that Lady Norman and her daughter had a brief colloquy in that room which had so often witnessed the reveries of the young girl.

"Sir Norman has gone away," suddenly said the lady. "Herbert must go too. It is impossible that either of them should stay here. You will see him, however, before he leaves."

"If you think I ought to, mamma," said Evelyn, meekly, though with a saddened face. "Of course, he must not stay."

"Mind, this is no parting, my darling," continued Lady Norman, passing her hand through the golden wealth of the young girl's hair. "You belong to each other, I hope. But he cannot ask for you, while there is anything hidden, with respect to you or himself. He is waiting for you now, in the room you know of, where you broke your troth with him."

"And where now?"

"You must renew it. What, child, do you hesitate? Evelyn, my daughter, I hope you are not heartless," she cried, as the young girl tremblingly hid her face on her mother's bosom.

Presently, she looked up.

"You do not shrink from it, child?"

"From what, mamma?"

"From renewing that troth which should never have been broken."

"Mamma, I have done it already, and feared I was wrong."

"Go away, you would coquette with your own mother!" said Lady Norman, though detaining her in an embrace that was inexpressibly sweet to both. "Now, get rid of those tear-traces—I hope he will never cause you any—and ask him to remember what he said to you at Emmerich."

"Tears!" thought Evelyn, as she went to her room; "tears!"

And she thought no more.

No need to remind her of the room in which their last sad tryt had been held. It was a woe-ful time to think of.

He was there, as if in anxious expectancy. She approached him. He advanced to meet her—this Aurora of his hopes, risen like a new day, after the darkness of a stormy night.

There is no necessity for saying much about him, since every Jennie, Julia, Mary, Margaret, Laura, and Lillian, and so throughout the calendar of Christian and un-Christian names, has in her mind's eye the idea of a handsome and gallant young English gentleman, whose photograph she would think far superior to any descriptive sketch of an imaginary hero.

But Evelyn must pause an instant, as she stands in the doorway, half-ahy, half-bold, half-pensive, half-happy, her violet eyes looking straight into his face, her graceful form, in its white robe, hesitating, for a breath of time, upon the threshold. Then, right or wrong, they were clasped in each other's arms.

"Always tears!" he said.

And, as if disliking the sight of those that sparkled between her brown eye-lashes, he, with purely an artistic sense of what was fit and proper, kissed them away—kissed them, indeed, until there was not a single one left.

"Always tears!" she answered, in a whisper, nestling closer to him.

They must be left—these two simpletons—quite unheeded while this abominable silliness lasts; but, at length, Mr. Herbert Leholme began to recover his senses, and said:

"Evelyn, my sweet one"—where was the necessity of interrupting himself in that particular

manner, at that particular moment, the young zany?—"Lady Norman said you had something to ask me."

"Yes, Herbert—no, don't! It was to remember what you said to me at Emmerich."

"That was it," he answered, looking at her very steadfastly, and recovering his reason wonderfully. "Do you remember it yourself, Evelyn?"

"Yes; that your name was an assumed one; that you were wandering under the ban of your family; that you were poor, but so was I—"

"It was that, Evelyn," he said, "and you now ask me for an explanation. I cannot give it yet. You will trust me. But you said something of yourself. Shall I repeat it?"

"Do," she replied, with one of her most fearless looks.

"That you—they are words I do not like to utter. But I scouted them then, as I would for ever, as I would in the teeth of anyone, the faintest hint, of whatever kind, against my pure, my perfect Evelyn!"

Evelyn rose and made him a profound curtesy, and stood, with repeated bendings of her head, as if acknowledging the plaudits of a crowd. Then, with a voice that startled him—it was so like his own—she slowly and distinctly said:

"I am silent because I am sorry. Shall I do as Augusta told me—send for your carriage? Time—so and so—scene, Fairleigh Manor, Mr. Leholme."

All which was so gravely uttered that it confounded him. But the red lips parted in a smile, and the violet eyes looked such forgiveness that these two wasters of time were making idiots of themselves again.

Upon the return of a lucid interval they resumed their common sense.

"And Sir Norman said a few words about me?" asked Herbert.

"He said 'suppose I tell you that he dare not return to this country?' But he has given that up now. He would give me to you, but the right no longer belongs to him—that, at least, I feel obliged to believe."

Herbert thought of the words which had been spoken to him in India.

Evelyn thought of those which Mathew Drake had flung in her face after his great forgery scheme had encountered detection and defeat, and repeated them to Herbert Leholme.

All he did was to take a fond farewell of her for the time, and tell her that she would be expected to return to Lady Norman.

This she did, and repeated to her what had passed at the interview, omitting, of course, the digressions.

"Then he knows less than I thought, or is unwilling to tell it," said Lady Norman, with a look of perplexity and even disappointment, on her countenance.

After which, she remained silent for a considerable time, now pacing the room, now stopping in front of Evelyn, who sat gazing at her in a sort of alarmed, wondering way, partly grieved, by being left once more by her lover, partly reflecting with dread that no protection, except that of her mother, remained to her in the vast solitude of Norman Chase.

Only Martha Page and the old man, Hewlett, a tottering septuagenarian, were left. Gilbert Green and his wife, without saying a word, were both gone.

There was room enough in that crime-stained mansion for the concealment of a hundred Mathew Drakes.

And where was Augusta?

They had, if for only an hour, forgotten her.

She was certainly not in the set of apartments shut in by the yellow door.

Nor anywhere else where they sought her.

"Gilbert Green and his wife brought her here," said Lady Norman. "Most probably they were disappointed at finding that the place was not so safe as they fancied."

It was so.

Upon a second search, Evelyn found a letter on the toilette-table in that which had been Augusta's bedroom during her secret stay at the Chase.

"Do not think me ungrateful, Evelyn. They will not let me stay. They say that if I had kept my promise not to leave my rooms, all would have been well; but that Norman Chase is now no refuge for me. I am hardly acting with my own will." "Augusta."

"Poor child!" said Lady Norman. "At all events they are her true friends, Evelyn."

She appeared as if making up her mind to some great resolve.

Evidently, in the course of a few minutes, she had so made it up.

"Evelyn," she repeated; but there was something so forced and painful in her voice, that the young girl, going to her side, laid both hands on her arm, and looking up in her face, said in a beseeching, remonstrating tone:

"Mamma!"

Lady Norman put away the pleading hands, took them in her own, and said:

"My child, my Evelyn, are you afraid to visit those vaults once more?"

"Not with you," was the young girl's answer, though a cold fear did creep to her heart.

"It will tell you something," Lady Norman went on, "something of the deepest interest to you—something to make you rejoice and grieve; but when it has told you that, mark me, I can or will tell you no more. Come."

They went by the old way—the same corridors, the same steps, the same series of sepulchral chambers.

To Evelyn's astonishment, as they neared the immense vault where she had witnessed so strange a scene at the tomb of Henry Mainwaring, a flood of intense white light poured out through the arched entrance.

She glanced at her companion, who appeared to take no notice, but went straight on.

They entered the vault.

It was hung from roof to floor with heavy folds of black velvet, sprinkled with silver stars.

Around it, from tall and solid sconces, was shed the light by which Evelyn had been so strangely surprised.

Lady Norman drew her to the great tomb in the centre.

"Kneel with me," she said.

Evelyn, mutely marvelling, obeyed.

She heard the sobs of her companion as she lifted her hands and grasped with them the heavy lid of the sarcophagus.

"Now rise," she said, doing so herself—her face now pale, but quite composed, "and read what is written on that stone."

"I have read it before," thought Evelyn, "but I may as well again."

She read.

There had been:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF  
HENRY MAINWARING."

There was now:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF  
SIR NORMAN HEDLEY, BART."

"Your father and my husband, Evelyn," said Lady Norman Hedley.

(To be Continued.)

## COMET CLARET.

THE vintage of 1811 has now acquired a peculiar celebrity and the good wine produced that year all over France has been generally attributed to the influence of the comet. It is strange that its excellence was not recognised at the time. France was in that year passing through too anxious a crisis to care much for choice of wines, and those vintages were in the autumn of the following year freely sold at from 1,200*fr.* to 1,500*fr.* a cask. In 1868 there was a sale of the cellars of Château Lafite, including much of the Comet claret.

The auction was held on the 27th of October, and as these were the days of the luxury of the Second Empire, it is not surprising that high

prices were realised. The lots were started at 20*l.* a bottle, and the bidding went up to 121*l.*, at which price an hotel keeper at Bordeaux bought a large quantity. Bottles of this wine were exposed in the windows of the hotel afterwards at the sensation price of 150*l.*, or about £72 a dozen.

In the meantime the Comet claret has been growing scarcer every day, and at a great wine sale just concluded in Paris the "gems of the collection" were two bottles of the famous vintage. The auctioneer, after a little pardonable preface, said he could not consent to start the lot at less than 300*l.*, which was the price realised at the latest sale for the same article. But the room was even more enthusiastic than the auctioneer. The price rose rapidly, and it was evident that many purchasers were eager to make an investment.

At last the ultimate fate of the bottles rested between two restaurants, and the bidder at 620*l.* was declared the purchaser. We could understand in this country a very wealthy nobleman, whose cellars were his hobby, giving such a price, but that the proprietor of a café on the boulevards should pay nearly £25 for two bottles of claret shows that the reign of luxury is not yet over in Paris.

## HER GUIDING STAR;

OR,

## LOVE AND TREACHERY.

### CHAPTER XIII.

THERE was little occasion to impose on Jessie a more moderate participation of pleasure. Indifferent now to other things, her chief enjoyment was in pursuing the course of reading that Cyril had recommended at parting.

But the life-giving spirit was gone; though she persevered, it was not with her usual animation, and, to add to the shade that was falling on her, her agreeable young admirer, Ernest, was gone too—even sooner than had been expected.

She and her mother were passing a quiet evening at home, the latter weaving fringe, the former weaving fancies, when Mr. Farleigh entered with a look of having something pleasant to say.

"I have made a new acquaintance, my dear," said he, addressing his wife; "one whom I think you would like as much as I do."

"That is very probable," she replied, with her usual gentle conformity. "You know that, like Mrs. Smith, who does not venture to commend the weather without adding, 'Mr. Smith thinks so too,' I always agree with you."

"No, not always; I should not love you so well if you did. I like, sometimes, a little of the 'Fannuoir spirit,' it keeps domestic life from stagnation."

"Well, well, but the gentleman, who is he?"

"Captain Vivian. He dined with me to-day at Mr. West's. He was the life of the company, intelligent, full of anecdote, and fine manners. A really well-bred man; for an accomplished, travelled Englishman is the best sample to be found, the world over."

"A military man, of course?"

"He has been; but I understand he sold his commission some years since. He has seen service, however; has a fine military air, and is about six or eight-and-thirty, though he looks older—the effect of his profession, I suppose. West says he is not rich, he thinks, but very well connected. He is acquainted with the Pechams."

"Shall you see him again?"

"Oh yes; I shall call on him to-morrow, and ask him to dinner, at your earliest convenience."

So said, so done; and at the day appointed Captain Vivian appeared.

Mr. Farleigh had not exaggerated; he was indeed little prone to do so.

The guests were well selected, and the captain recommended himself to all.

His appearance, on which Mr. Farleigh had not enlarged, assisted to this effect.

He certainly looked old for his years, but his brilliant eyes—the keenness of which was tempered by a most effective smile, his fine teeth, dark hair—thin, but only slightly changed, his figure and air, presented a whole that most persons would have pronounced still handsome.

Captain Vivian was seated at Mrs. Farleigh's right hand, and Jessie next him.

They had thus the benefit of all his pleasantries, whether addressed to themselves or to others: while his deferential manner toward the mother was nicely graduated into a shade of kindness toward the daughter, well understanding from her youth and shyness that she was as yet unaccustomed to take a part on such occasions.

The liking expressed by Mr. Farleigh appeared to be mutual, as was proved by an early call from Captain Vivian, longer than ceremony required.

From this auspicious commencement, the intercourse ripened so fast that he was soon an habitu  of the house.

By an instinct he seemed to adapt himself to all, to Mrs. Farleigh by gifts to her favourite charities, and to Jessie by a happy mixture of encouragement and respect, inspiring her with an ease and freedom she had never felt towards any other visitor.

A money transaction of small amount, but serving to exhibit the captain under another phase, confirmed his good standing.

Certain remittances expected by him not arriving, he requested of Mr. Farleigh a loan of a few hundred pounds.

It was readily advanced, and a promise given of early repayment. Before the time the money was returned in a draft on one of the best London houses.

Mr. Farleigh presented it himself, not sorry to have an opportunity of thus obtaining farther indirect testimony to his new friend. He was not disappointed.

The draft was accepted without hesitation, and the merchant proceeded to say, "he knew nothing of Captain Vivian except in the way of business, but he had had frequent exchanges to negotiate for him and his friends, and that everything had been perfectly satisfactory."

The time for retiring to the country arrived. This, instead of interposing an obstacle to the intercourse, only gave it a more familiar character, the captain often passing an unceremonious day at "The Elms," and not unfrequently remaining the night—becoming, in short, "l'am  de la maison."

One evening Mr. Farleigh, on returning from the city, had that air which experienced wives know to indicate something on the minds of their lords paramount, and, with the tact of the sex, without any direct inquiry, prepared the way for its disclosure, were he so disposed, by an early removal of the tea obstructions, and then by suggesting some employment that should take Jessie from the parlour.

Then, seating herself at her work, she waited till Mr. Farleigh should open his budget for their mutual relief.

She had not long to wait.

"My dear," said he, "I have a matter to submit to you. Captain Vivian has proposed for Jessie."

With unaffected astonishment Mrs. Farleigh dropped her sewing and looked at her husband.

"For Jessie! Jessie! Well, that cannot require long deliberation."

"Do you mean by that, approval or the contrary?"

"The contrary, of course. Why, Mr. Farleigh, Jessie is a child! and he is more than double her age."

"Very true; that is precisely the difficulty. Aside from that, I could see advantages in the connection not to be disregarded."

"Advantages?"

"Yes. To be sure he is not rich. He has dealt very frankly with me. He is within one

life of a large estate; but that life, as he says, is as good, or better, than his own. This, however, matters little. Jessie's large legacy from your aunt, to be hers at eighteen, or earlier, if she marry before, would be a reasonable independence. He is well born—a great consideration—and well educated; can furnish the best credentials as to character and position; is a man of sense and honour—a better guarantee for her happiness, and for her character yet unformed, than if he were a young man as immature as herself."

Mrs. Farleigh listened, but, unconvinced, returned to her first objection.

"But, my dear, she is a child! a perfect child! her education not yet completed."

"True again; but he could therefore better train her to conformity, and, of course, to sympathy."

"That means that his powerful will and stronger qualities would crush everything individual out of her. I do not call that 'sympathy,' and the process is anything but 'happiness.'"

"Well, well, do not be disturbed. I have given him to understand the case just as it stands; that if he were ten years younger, or she as much older, I should not object; but that, as it is, I cannot approve."

"Then it is settled, is it not?"

"Not quite. He still asks to be allowed to refer the matter to herself; this the point for us to decide. For myself, I do not see that we can deny him so small a favour as a refusal from her own lips."

Mrs. Farleigh, with her direct common sense, had, woman-like, jumped to a conclusion, and not far from right.

She saw that the captain's conversation, his manners, his flattering estimation of Mr. Farleigh—obvious, however delicately insinuated—did not permit to that gentleman the free use of his usually sound judgment.

She saw, too, that the captain, relying on the friendly feeling he had inspired in the young lady, was confident of his own powers of persuasion; nor could she tell how far the silly fancy of "being her own mistress" might aid him.

She had not forgotten that the pretty daughter of a friend of hers had married at sixteen a baronet of sixty, for the bribe of going abroad, and being called "my lady."

For her own part, she liked the captain very well—liked to hear him talk to Mr. Farleigh—but didn't care for a nearer connection." So she sat silent and perplexed.

"Well, my dear," said her husband, "shall he be permitted to make his application?"

"And you—you will not suggest anything in his favour?"

"No, certainly not; nor you anything to his prejudice, I hope; for I conceive it a point of honour to let the captain have a fair field."

With this non-interference Mrs. Farleigh felt it necessary to acquiesce, and she tried to wait patiently the result.

### CHAPTER XIV.

THE next morning the all-unconscious Jessie, putting on her straw bonnet, and with basket and scissors, prepared for her accustomed business of gathering flowers for the parlour decoration, descended into the garden, followed by her inseparable attendant, Toy.

Her basket was soon filled, but the morning was so beautiful she could not think of returning to the house; so she placed it, as she supposed, in security under a rose-bush, and wandered off to the trees that skirted the garden.

Toy, with the propensity of some bipeds to find what is not lost, took it into his head to carry the basket after her, as he had sometimes been directed to do.

Her first intimation of this officiousness was the flowers scattered to right and left, and the empty basket in his mouth.

Catching up a twig she was about to chastise him, but this only provoked him to retain his



prize, and a contest ensued, in which, getting the better, he made off with his booty. Then, after many feints and circuits, he brought it back, and laid it and himself at her feet.

At this moment the captain, having called, and being told where to seek her, appeared. Exercise and frolic had heightened her colour and excited her spirits.

She was in the gayest humour; ripe for fun and sport.

"See!" she cried, "how reverently he has prostrated himself before me! The cunning fellow!"

"And who would not do so?" returned the captain, warmed into an excess of admiration as he gazed at her.

Otherwise occupied, Jessie did not observe the compliment conveyed; and the dog, as merry as herself, keeping his paw on the basket, the instant she extended her hand to recover it, caught it up, ready for another chase, while she, stamping her foot, exclaimed, authoritatively:

"Let go, sir! Have done, sir! this moment!"

But in vain; he was off, and she on the point of following him, when the captain, seizing her hand, detained her while he poured forth a passionate declaration of love.

Jessie stood in mute amazement. She comprehended that an answer was expected, but what must it be?

She understood that something was to be said to save the captain from "dying in despair!" something "to breathe into him a hope that would render life endurable;" that would hold out a prospect of "ineffable felicity;" but she could not say it.

On the other hand, how could she be "cruel, inexorable, inflexible," as he said, to so kind a person?

Encouraged by her silence, more and warmer protestations assailed her.

Could he have looked within the deep recess of the protecting "bonnet," so inclined that his eager glance could not penetrate it, he might have augured differently.

Surprise, perplexity, alarm, were passing over her face, but no gentle yielding.

Rather through all was to be discovered a sense of the ridiculous, equally unfriendly to his suit.

At length, finding words, she exclaimed: "Oh, don't say so! pray don't!" words met by reiterated vows of devotion and deprecations of her cruelty.

Overpowered by his ardent volubility, and anxious to put the termination to what, distressed as she was, struck her as excessively absurd, she could think only of the stratagem by which young ladies hold themselves at liberty to evade a partner in a less momentous enterprise, and she impulsively exclaimed:

"Oh, Captain Vivian, you must not talk so! Indeed I am not cruel! But I cannot—I really cannot—I am engaged!"

The captain dropped her hand as if he had been shot, and she, delighted to be saved any farther parley, fled.

"Engaged! engaged!" repeated the discomfited lover. "How can it be! Who can have rifled this lovely young creature from me!"

Then, revolving everyone he had met at the house, and finding none on whom his suspicion could fasten, he again exclaimed:

"It cannot be—it is impossible! But she might have met the favoured individual elsewhere; must have done so, since it was plain her family was ignorant of the matter."

Pacing to and fro till conjecture was exhausted, he at length turned his steps to the house to seek her parents, to communicate his failure and the cause, to deplore his fate, and to withdraw.

Their consternation far exceeded his own. The feelings that had so lately disturbed them—Mr. Farleigh's sympathy for his friend, Mrs. Farleigh's fears for her daughter—were forgotten in other and stronger emotions.

The father was indignant at her duplicity; the mother grieved at the want of confidence in her child; and both were terrified by the fearful

question of "to whom had she pledged herself?"

The only plausible idea was young Pecham. This was far from satisfactory; he was as much too young as the captain was too old. A mere boy, and, as Mr. Farleigh considered, characterless and unreliable.

But it might be much worse; after such deception what might they not fear?

The first thing to be done was to obtain a full confession from Jessie herself.

Here a difficulty arose as to which should require it of her.

Mrs. Farleigh, knowing the awe in which she stood of her father, feared his severity would overwhelm her; while he, on his part, saw that her mother's gentleness would be farther imposed on by Jessie.

It was at length decided that Mrs. Farleigh was the more proper of the two, and she was about to leave the room for the purpose, with a dread of what might ensue, when the door opened and Cyril Ashleigh entered.

It was the time that had been appointed for his return, but, having written to obtain a longer leave of absence, he was not expected.

Sensible people sometimes do foolish things. So Mr. and Mrs. Farleigh, mutually distrustful, gladly caught, in their perplexity, at a third person to act for them, whose position and discretion seemed at the moment to settle the question of his fitness.

"Oh, Mr. Ashleigh," they both exclaimed, "how glad we are to see you! You are the very person we want."

Cyril, his face flushed with pleasure at the sight of his friends, his eager eye seeking his absent pupil, responded gratefully to a reception warmer than he expected.

"The illness of a friend I feared would detain me," said Cyril; "but, happily, I could leave him, and be here as I promised. I hope Miss Jessie is well?"

After what seemed rather a cold reply on their part, he inquired in what way his services were required.

This necessarily introduced the subject in hand, and, requesting him to be seated, Mr. Farleigh, with professional accuracy, stated the case, beginning at the beginning, and carefully detailing the approaches of the captain, the pros and cons of himself and Mrs. Farleigh, till, unable to imagine what might be coming, Cyril, in painful suspense, awaited the conclusion.

At length Mr. Farleigh arrived at the final dismissal of the captain, and the avowal of Jessie, which, as might have been expected, shocked her conscientious young tutor as much as her parents.

He said nothing, however, but his sudden paleness evinced his sympathy with them, and, attracting the notice of Mrs. Farleigh, she reproached herself for her inattention, and begged him "to take some refreshment, for he looked dreadfully fatigued."

But he declined; and, after a few moments, said, "You spoke as if I could serve you, sir; in what way can I do so? You cannot mean in relation to Miss Jessie."

"Yes, I do. Let me explain, however," continued Mr. Farleigh, his habitual formality yielding, in spite of his endeavours to the contrary, to emotions of pain and displeasure. "Let me explain. She is more confidential with you than with us. The necessary restraint between parents and children has sometimes a bad effect. We should alarm and repress; you will calm and encourage her."

"And let me take this opportunity, Mr. Ashleigh, to say, that, in giving you this proof of our confidence, we only properly reward your remarkable discretion in a situation calling for more than is usually found. I have observed you closely, as I was bound to do, where the interest of an only child was at stake; and I must say, that while you have exacted your due respect as her teacher, you have never forgotten your relative positions."

A cold bow on the part of Cyril acknowledged this not ambiguous compliment.

He was not insensible to the confidence expressed, nor to the inferiority implied.

"We are, therefore," proceeded Mr. Farleigh, "glad to depute you to a delicate office, for which you are, perhaps, better fitted than ourselves."

"But what, sir," inquired Cyril, anxious to terminate in any way this oppressive interview, "what can I possibly do?"

"You must see her before we do; must obtain from her a full disclosure of everything—of her real feelings—for we are not without suspicion that she may be entangled through mere thoughtlessness. She may even be glad to be assisted in escaping from some foolish involvement, which she would sooner expose to you than to us."

"You can sift this more calmly than we can. If, on the contrary, her affections are really interested, you are at liberty to assure her that we disregard riches; that, if the connection be not disgraceful, in other words, if the person is her equal in birth and position, she shall not be opposed, provided, at the same time, that his character secures her happiness, for this is all that we desire. It is best not to delay," added he, as Cyril sat silent, troubled and irresolute; "you will find her in the study."

With an effort Cyril rose to obey; a beseeching look from Mrs. Farleigh expressed her dependence on him, and he left the room without speaking.

In the meantime, Jessie, having escaped from her lover, had taken refuge in her favourite retreat.

There, throwing herself on a sofa, she saw only the good joke she had practised, laughed merrily, and then burst forth in a pleasant old Scotch song.

As the song passed away into a mere murmur of the melody, she ceased to think of the captain at all, and turned her thoughts to a more agreeable subject.

"What a pity," thought she, "that Mr. Ashleigh does not come! I wonder who that sick friend is that he stays to take care of. Well, it is very good of him, and proper too; but that is nothing new—he always does what is right. But when he does come! he will see I have not been idle. I have read all the history he directed, and made all the abstracts he advised; and as to chronology! why, like an Arab, I have absolutely lived on dates! and I have really attended to all my studies as well as I could in his absence; and when he finds this he will be so pleased! and I shall be so happy!" In proof of which she clapped her hands, the sound of which still rung in her ears as the door opened, and Mr. Ashleigh entered.

With a look of joyous surprise she hastened to meet him, exclaiming, "Mr. Ashleigh! when did you come? You are welcome back again!"

"You are very kind—very good, Miss Jessie," he replied, and, unconsciously retaining the hand she had extended, he led her again to the sofa, and seated himself by her side.

Pouring forth question on question as to "what he had been doing all this long time? if he had always been reading and studying, as usual? or if he had been fishing, shooting, and rambling in the beautiful forests he was so fond of?"—to all which he answering only in grave monosyllables, she suddenly stopped, and, looking earnestly and inquiringly in his face, said, "What is the matter, Mr. Ashleigh?"

To this he could but reply in that unmeaning:

"Nothing," which so often belies a full heart. "Oh yes there is," she repeated; "something has happened, I am sure of—your friend—"

"He is well."

"Yet you don't look happy. You are disturbed, perhaps displeased—but not displeased with me, are you, Mr. Ashleigh? Tell me if you are. If I have done anything wrong I will acknowledge it. You know I always confess to you," added she, half playfully; "but do, do speak, and don't look at me so!"

She might well indeed deprecate the fixed and searching gaze with which, while still holding her hand, he regarded her.

"Confess!" he at length said; "yes, Miss

Jessie, that is what I have come for, but not, as I believe, to hear anything 'wrong;' nor am I so presumptuous as to call you to confession without authority. I come," said he, desperately plunging into the troubled waters he had been directed to sound, "by the request of your parents. They speak by me."

Jessie, regarding him in surprise, agitation, and alarm, could say nothing, and he proceeded, in a tender and encouraging tone:

"Your parents authorise me to say that they have no wish but for your happiness. All they ask is that your affections should be really interested—that no transient fancy should mislead you—"

Cyril paused. "What do you mean, Mr. Ashleigh?" said Jessie, with a happier, but still a bewildered look.

"They care not," he continued, "that he whom you choose should be rich, provided he be your equal and worthy of your affection."

"Worthy?" repeated Jessie, heeding only that condition, and clasping her hands with a look more expressive than words, from which Cyril easily inferred a fond confidence in someone. But who was that person?

With a less-assured voice he proceeded:

"You admit, then, Jessie, that you are not indifferent—that an impression has been made—that a sentiment—that your heart is not insensible. Have, then, no farther reserves," continued he, in the gentle tones of persuasion; "ask it for your parents—for yourself. I even presume so far as to ask it for myself. Do not withhold from me this assurance of your—"

"Friendship," he would have said, but her embarrassment and agitation appeared contagious, and he hesitated.

If her imagination supplied a more tender word, it was not strange; nor, unconscious as she had thus far been of the sentiment so innocently entertained, was it to be wondered at if it were suddenly revealed to her by the touchstone now applied.

"Oh, Cyril!" exclaimed the blushing girl, misled by language that she supposed could have but one meaning, "for yourself! How can I withhold anything from you? You, whom, next to my parents, I love better than anyone in the whole world! Oh," continued she, covering her face with her hands, "you must know what I would say!"

It was, indeed, but too plain.

Astonished and confounded, yet, with one exquisite thrill of joy, he darted from her side, approached the window, and resting his head on his hands, leaned against the casing without having uttered a word; while Jessie, starting as from a dream, and terrified at this strange reception of what deserved a very different one, repeated, in broken sentences and trembling voice:

"What have I said? What have I said? Cyril—Mr. Ashleigh, I mean—tell me; what have I said?"

"Dear, innocent, unconscious Jessie," exclaimed he, in great emotion, returning to his seat, and taking both her hands in his, "nothing. You have said nothing into which you have not been involuntarily led by the misconceptions of others, and by your own guileless, affectionate heart! Nothing, Jessie, that does not make you dearer to me than ever! Thus much I owe you; more I dare not, must not say. Honour, gratitude, unlimited confidence reposed in me, forbid it. There has been some strange mistake. You alone can explain it."

It was done in few words, but often interrupted by the confusion and distress of Jessie, by her self-accusation of folly and stupidity. The explanation given, a few moments of "thoughts unutterable" succeeded, Cyril's eyes riveted on her face with a fondness he dared not express, she almost convulsed with contending emotions.

At length, rising with a dignity inspired in moments of emergency, and often where it seems least to be expected, Jessie said, though with an uncertain and quivering voice:

"Mr. Ashleigh, I have but one request to make, forget everything I have been so foolish

as to say; remember only that I am, and shall always be, your grateful pupil."

Then, turning to the door, she would have instantly passed it, but, detaining her with an impulse he could not resist, and with feelings nearly overpowering him, he ventured only to say:

"I forget everything, Jessie, but yourself."

The next moment she was gone; but, having reached her own room, tears, long suppressed, burst forth.

Pride and mortification, however mingling at first in this passionate outpouring, were not the predominant emotions.

Generous herself, she confided in the generosity of others. She believed Cyril superior to the little vanity of a triumph over her weakness.

Moreover, much as he had struggled to conceal it, she saw the reciprocal sentiment that agitated him, and she loved and trusted him the more for his forbearance.

The violence of her feelings abated only to subside into grief at the reflection that of one so noble she must never think.

For when no longer deluded by ambiguous expressions, to which excitement and affection had affixed her own meaning, she saw but too plainly that her parents, whatever might be their opinion of Cyril, would never favour such a union.

Nor was it less certain that he himself so considered his position that he would never seek it.

She could now understand and honour his hitherto reserved deportment, often, as she had thought, unnecessarily cold and formal; intermingled with rare but delightful flashes of interest in her, which, though they never found words, had darted from his eyes, had beamed in his smile, or had touched her heart in some unexpected tender tone; manifestations which, however guarded, had involuntarily nourished a sentiment the innocent girl little comprehended, and of the tendency of which she had never thought.

Nothing now remained for Jessie but the resolution to render herself more deserving of the esteem of one whom "she felt quite sure she must always love."

This, though a very natural conclusion for a girl of sixteen, is not always in conformity with experience in such cases. Nous verrons.

(To be Continued.)

It is said that during a recent debate, a ministerialist offered a bet of a shilling that Sir William Harcourt would conclude his oration with the words "the British empire." The bet was accepted, and as the ex-Solicitor-General began to perorate the excitement among the knot of M.P.s who were in the secret of the wager grew intense. At last the end came, and Sir William sat down uttering in his most sonorous voice his closing words "the empire." The ministerialist lost his bet, for the word "British" was not used.

## THE MYSTERY OF RAVENSWALD: A TALE OF THE FIRST CRUSADE.

### CHAPTER XI.

Powerful and strong thou art to-day;  
But, ere a month shall pass away,  
Disease shall seize thee, rank shall see,  
None low enough to bend to thee.

TANCEED turned to the accuser, Bertram, as he took up his position before him and said:

"Bertram, you recognise the prisoner?"

"Yes, my lord."

"You have heard the thing wherewith he is charged?"

The man nodded assent.

"Then let the court have your evidence. Tell the story as you know it—as it came under your own observation."

"Is this man speaking under oath?" demanded Lionel, as the henchman opened his mouth.

The duke's first impulse was an angry one, but he restrained himself as Bertram lightly exclaimed:

"Let the oath be administered, my lord. T'faith! It will not prevent me from helping this man with the whole truth."

Tanceed caused the man to hold up his right hand, after which he repeated the form of oath usually administered in such cases.

"Now," said Bertram, with a goodly spice of spitefulness in his manner, not forgetting the pain over his eye, nor losing sight of the blood that had been wiped from his swollen nose, "I think I may tell what I know."

"Well, my lord, thus it was. You had called to me, and bade me go with Dombnitz, and bring back the Lady Mary, our good and watchful Cyprian having brought intelligence that she had left the castle by a way which he could not follow. We do not know the exact way of going, but we believed she would try to reach the convent, striking first for the chapel of St. John."

"So we went that way, and we found her. She was exposed to storm and tempest, and might have been lost had we not come to her succour as we did. However, strangely enough, in the thick darkness, the lady did not recognise us, but probably thought we were robbers, or something of that sort."

"But we finally made her understand, and she had just concluded to return with us; and I think she did it gladly, too—she had turned to go with Dombnitz, when this man—this Lionel of Ortenberg, who had sought your shelter and sustenance—with I don't know how much help, sprang upon us from the darkness, and with a furious blow cracked our leader's head, and laid him low."

"In the midst of the darkness and the tempest we knew not what we might have to contend with. He knew that we were acting under direct orders from the grand duke, and that he was resisting lawful authority. Also, he knew that the lady was the daughter of his lawful prince, and that the man whom he had sought to kill was engaged in the blessed work of restoring the lost child to her own father. So much, my lord, for that part. Shall I tell of the other scene?"

"Not now, Bertram. Your evidence sufficiently meets the case."

And then turning to the prisoner, he said with a scowl:

"You have heard—what have you to say in answer?"

"Only this," replied Lionel: "I heard the cry of a female in dire distress—a cry of agony, loud and imploring. I hurried to the spot, and found two girls in the hands of three strong men, who were seeking to drag them away against their wills. I saw that the girls were struggling with all the might they possessed, and I did what any true man would have done under the circumstances. I was alone, sir—my single arm against theirs; and as for seeking the life of either of the villainous ruffians, the thought did not enter my mind. I only sought to accomplish the freedom of the females, which I did."

"Ay," said the duke, with a significant nod; "I might understand the matter more clearly if I could know how you chanced to be at hand so opportunely for the ladies' rescue. You had eaten bread at my board, and had been conducted to a place of rest. My chamberlain had left you in your chamber, where it was supposed you were to pass the night. Will you tell me how you happened, at the hour of midnight, in the midst of a furious storm, to be far away in a deep dell of the forest?"

The youth had anticipated questioning upon



this point, and he was prepared to meet the emergency without flinching.

"My lord," he said, respectfully, but firmly, "my leaving your castle had nothing to do with any matter connected with yourself, or your interest, in any way, manner, or degree."

"Did you leave my castle of your own volition? Did you go out alone?"

"You must be content, my lord, with what I have already said on that subject. My going was purely of my own choosing, and entirely disconnected with any interest of any other person, so far as I was aware."

"Look ye, Master Lionel; you will tell me if you went forth alone, or if you had company?"

"My lord, it is not because I decline to answer that one question that I am silent, but if I answer that, I must answer the next; and thus, when I come to a flat refusal, you will naturally conclude that I dare not answer; so I have resolved to maintain silence from the start."

"Enough! You will be troubled with no more questions!"

The duke's voice, as he thus spoke, was grating and portentous.

He regarded the prisoner for a time in silence, seeming to study the handsome face with an interest deep and absorbing. Finally he turned to his associates.

"My gentle and courteous friends, methinks enough has been said to afford us a clear understanding of the case in hand. It hath been proved by stress of storm, or for ulterior purpose of his own—it matters not which—he sought shelter beneath the roof of the Grand Duke of Swabia."

"All that he asked was cheerfully granted. He broke bread and eat, and partook of my wine and drank, and was then conducted to a chamber, where he reposed upon my bed. By the laws of our realm, and by the laws of Christendom, he was thus bound in the most solemn manner to be true and loyal to my house while he remained in it, and to keep faith with the lord thereof. Does not every man know this much of law?"

The knightly hearers, and the priest, bowed with solemn assent; and now, for the first time, Lionel's heart sank.

Until this present he had not realised the full force of his position, or the force of the position as it might be made to appear.

He was as completely in the power of Tancred as though he had been an outlawed poacher trespassing upon his flocks and herds. From his decision there was no appeal. Within his realm his will was absolute.

Good heavens! if the grand duke should be an enemy, with deadly hate in his heart, as the youth had more than once thought might be the case! But—

After a solemn pause the duke went on:

"We know what the recipient of our bounty ought to have done. And now, what did he do? It hath been set before us. At dead of night, secretly and stealthily, he arose from his bed, and crept out into the passages which honour should have closed to him. While honest men were sleeping, and while the lord of the castle slept in the merciful belief that he had harboured only Christian gentlemen, this man was secretly stealing away upon a mission against our dearest interests and rights. I must believe that from the first he entered my castle with criminal intent. At all events, he capped the climax of his iniquity by seizing upon my daughter, and wresting her from her lawful guardians for the time, and bearing her away beyond our power to reach her. My lord of Wartenfels, thou art well versed in the law. I bid thee to speak, and tell us what punishment the crime merits."

"May it please your grace," replied the baron, bowing respectfully, "the crime needs but to be named to suggest the penalty. I think no man will deny, the crime is Treason!"

"Ay," echoed Villmar, "the crime is treason!"

"Sir Kotzling, it is thy turn now to speak. How sayest thou—what is the penalty?"

The old knight thus addressed trembled from

head to foot, and a pallor was upon his face, as in low, unwilling tones, he made answer!

"The penalty of treason is death!"

"The penalty of treason is death!" repeated the other three, in concert.

Then Tancred turned again to the prisoner.

"Lionel of Ortenberg, thou hast heard thy doom. The sentence has been pronounced, and I deem it just. In one hour from this time it will be executed. In mercy I consign thee to the headsman, so thy death shall be speedy and painless! Meanwhile the minutes are thine for prayer and meditation. Do not sue for mercy, for I promise thee that I will not listen. Take him hence back to his dungeon, and be thou answerable for him at the time with thy life!"

This last was addressed to Bertram, and as he and Cyprian advanced the prisoner started forward.

He could not put forth his hands as he wished, for his arms were bound behind him, and he would not kneel, for his soul rebelled.

"Tancred of Ravenswald!" he cried, "you dare not do the fiendish thing you have spoken. You know that I have never had a thought of doing wrong to you. Give me time, and I will prove it. Give me time and I will show to you why I left my chamber, and explain every circumstance."

"Out upon thee for a privateering knave!" exclaimed the duke, wrathfully. "Did I not give thee this opportunity to explain? Did I not beg thee to do it? Ay, and thou wouldst not speak. Thy fate is sealed! Know that the Grand Duke of Swabia dares to mete out justice wherever and whenever it is due. Away with him!"

The unfortunate youth saw that further speech would be worse than useless, and with bowed head he suffered himself to be conducted out from the council chamber.

His head was not bowed in wakening fear and terror, but it was bent in thought.

He was thinking of the power of the man into whose hands he had fallen, and he knew that the power was absolute.

And he knew one thing more: From some cause which he could not divine, Tancred feared him.

## CHAPTER XII.

No answer to his burling sound;

Now here, now there, a pain he sought.

"AY—that man fears me!" said Lionel, thinking aloud, after he had been left in his prison-chamber, and the heavy bolts closed upon him. "I have seen it in many signs. I remember once before when I met him, how the sight of me startled him."

"In some way I am an unconscious source of alarm to him. How he has watched my face, and studied every feature, when he did not think I knew it. As I live, I believe he had thoughts of evil towards me before I left my bed for that mystic mission, and he now seizes upon this circumstance as a cover to his real cause of enmity."

"And he makes out a plausible case sufficient, at all events, to the mind of a man already determined upon his course. As to the ready assent of the lord of Wartenfels, that is easily accounted for. He is a suitor for Mary's hand, and from the hateful union with him did I save her. Ay, verily, I wonder not that they are wrathful."

"My interference nipped a cherished plan of wickedness in the bud; and man is never so terrible in his anger as when he has been suddenly arrested in a work of iniquity. He cannot forgive the champion who has thwarted him. I do not wonder that the baron joins in approval of the dread sentence."

"As for the priest, he is but a tool in the hands of his master; and will readily echo any plan which has been arranged for presentation. Tancred of Ravenswald is the power—he is the might and the strength—he is the strong fortress of defence to which all others would flock for refuge in case of danger or alarm. And—and—I think— Oh! merciful heavens! it cannot be!"

He stopped at this point, and sank down upon the stool. His thoughts had come to the end—to the work of the headsman!

No wonder he had started back appalled. But he asked himself, could it be possible?

Would a just and merciful Creator allow such a triumph of wickedness over a trustful Christian nature?

At first the thing seemed impossible—it seemed so like the setting up of satanic rule on earth, to the exclusion of all that was good and humane from the affairs of men.

What a thought! What a ghastly subject for the imagination to deal with!

Only a few short hours beneath the roof of the ducal donjon—forced to the step by a rushing and hurrying of the storm, which he could not withstand—moving through the whole scene without a particle of self-volition—and in the end to be consigned to a harsh and cruel death. And he could see no escape.

He had thought of three of his judges, and easily disposed of them in his own estimation; but he had not disposed of Sir Kotzling.

He had, from some cause not clearly defined, derived the hope that Kotzling would be his friend.

Old Rupert, the forester, had spoken of him in a friendly way.

And yet Kotzling had given in his verdict with the others, though he had done it unwillingly, and with evident pain.

But there could be no hope from this circumstance.

"No! no!" was the final cry. "Tancred has been resolved from the first upon my destruction, and he will allow nothing to stand in his way. Ha! What is that? 'Tis the trumpet at the gate. There is an arrival. Oh! Heaven send that it may be succour!"

The prisoner heard the blast very plainly, and it seemed to come from the quarter overlooked by the embrasure in the wall of his prison-house.

Could he reach it?

Ay—the stool set upon the table, if they would bear his weight, would lift him up.

These were arranged, and then the bed-frame pulled up to serve as a mounting-step.

It required care, for the support was weak and shaky; but it proved a success.

He stood upon the elevated stool, and could look out through the embrasure: and, as good fortune would have it, he had gained a view of the gate and the draw-bridge of the north-west angle, where a body of horsemen were drawn up, their leader a little in advance, evidently demanding admittance of the sentinel upon the outer watch-tower.

As his eyes became more used to the change of light he was able to distinguish the form and features of the applicant at the gate.

It was his own faithful henchman, Rupert; and he saw Jasper close behind.

Rupert demanded admittance; the watcher from the prison-chamber could make out that much—and the sentinel refused.

Lionel was sure the ground of refusal was the absence of the grand duke, and strict orders he had left behind.

Rupert waxed indignant and angry, but the sentinel did not yield.

Ah! Hark! Ay—the prisoner plainly heard the soldier upon the watch-tower declare that Lionel of Ortenberg was not in the castle!—he had not returned at all.

With that our hero understood the situation.

His friends had missed him in the morning, and had been told that he had gone forth during the night, and upon that they had gone in search of him.

Naturally they would go first to the abbey.

Rupert and Jasper both knew Father Clement, from whom they would surely learn sufficient to cause them to return to the castle; for the monks knew very well that he (Lionel) had been captured by the agents of the grand duke.

And to the castle the troops had come, and they were being assured that their young master was not there.

Oh! it was most wicked!



## [CONDEMNED TO DEATH.]

It was the very summit of cruel treachery! Lionel tore the light scarf from his neck, and tried to wave it in the open air beyond the embrasure.

He forced it through as far as he could, and he cried out with all his power.

Oh! if he had but a staff—a stick of any kind—so that he could flaunt the scarf into open sight; but he could put his hand upon nothing.

The rushing torrent of the Wildwasser was nearer to his friends than was he, and his voice could not reach them; and he knew that his scarf could be but as a speck against the giant walls of the castle.

He stood there until his troops had turned reluctantly away from the closed entrance—until they were lost to sight in the adjacent forest, and then, as he let his hands fall with a cry of bitter disappointment his frail support tottered and fell, and he came to the pavement with a crash.

He fell upon his side, and for a little time he thought his arm was dislocated; but it proved to be only a severe wrench, though that was sufficient to render his right arm well nigh useless for the time.

If there had been a break anywhere in the dark cloud before, there was not one now. The last straw of hope was gone.

The sending away of his friends, with the false account of the duke's departure, and with the wicked untruth regarding his own presence, could only be parts of a fixed plan for his destruction.

He was to die, and the world was never to know his fate.

He picked up the overturned stool, and sat down with his head bent upon his hand, and for the first time he gave his thoughts to prayer.

His cry had gone up more than once, but not a pronounced prayer.

At this point, however, with the terrible prospect so near and so certain, he lifted his voice in humble supplication, as one might do who felt

the journey of earth at a close, and the gates of the dark Unknown open before him. A simple form of address to the Infinite Father had arisen from his lips, when his door was opened, and his evil shadows—Bertram and Cyprian—entered.

Bertram's face looked badly. His right eye was swollen and discoloured, and his nose certainly cracked.

Evidently the uncomfortable feeling of his frontispiece had something to do with the ungracious manner in which he addressed the prisoner.

He was brusque and harsh, seeming to find satisfaction in the office he was performing.

"Lionel of Ortenberg! the hour is passed and you will go with us. If you want to try your strength against ours again, you are at liberty to do so; but I can promise you that you will be sorry you did it. I must pinion your arms."

What could opposition avail? What could be gained by pride or utterance of indignation?

What good could come of asserting rights which his keepers knew not how to respect? He could only call from them treatment still more cruel, and they might give him torture in handling his bruised arm.

"Look ye," he said, as he arose from his seat, "I have no thought of resistance. When you came before I did just that which you would have done had you been in my place, but I shall not repeat it. I could not, if I would, for, by an accident, I have injured my right arm. I wish you would handle it as carefully as you can."

The soldiers cast their eyes upon the overturned and broken table, and seeing them directly beneath the embrasure they had no difficulty in determining how the accident had happened; though they did not know for what purpose, other than mere curiosity, the prisoner had sought the lookout.

Bertram had a heart, and he could recognise a respectful entreaty, and in placing the bond on the youth's arms he was careful to use no un-

necessary force; but he displayed no particle of sympathy.

He would have been just as careful in behalf of a suffering dog.

When the bond had been applied, and the prisoner was taken by the elbow to be led out from the cell, he could not resist the impulse to ask a single question:

"Do you take me to the place of execution?"

"Do you fancy it would give you any comfort to know?"

"It would give me knowledge of what is to come, and the will to prepare for the fate."

"Well—I told you the hour was up. Cyprian and I have been ordered to bring you to where others are waiting for you. You can judge of the rest as well as I."

Lionel asked no more, but suffered himself to be led out from the prison-chamber, which he had found to be located in one of the towers of the old keep, and upon the second floor above the ground.

The way was, at first, through a long narrow passage to a broad, vaulted rotunda at the head of the great staircase leading to the main entrance.

Down these stairs, and thence to the great doors of the old hall of state, which were reached through a sort of vestibule, where guards had been stationed in former times, on occasions of important gatherings.

Upon one side of this vestibule was a door of bronze quaintly ornamented, which stood partially open.

Cyprian, who went in advance, pushed this door open wide, and the three passed on to a landing at the head of a broad flight of stone steps.

They were broad as compared with most of the winding stairs of the old keep, but narrow in comparison with the main stairway. Down these they went, and at the foot they reached a vault in which, upon a ledge of stone, stood two lighted lamps.

(To be Continued.)





[CAPTAIN LETCHFORD'S EXPLANATION.]

## SHE SHINES ME DOWN.

(BY ANNIE THOMAS.)

### CHAPTER XLII.

Then what matters it—yesterday's sorrow,  
Since I have outlived it?—see!  
And what matters the cares of to-morrow  
Since you, dear, will share them with thee.

It is now about three months since these several events took place.

Winter is reigning, the land is frost-bound, and home-life assumes an importance in the eyes of the majority which it does not possess when skies are blue and leaves are green, and warmth and colour are diffused over everything with a lavish hand.

Miss Finlay is still staying with Mrs. Saltoun. Georgie is not the most congenial or attractive companion now in the days of her adversity any more than she was in the days of her prosperity to Mrs. Saltoun.

But the happy, wealthy, loved and cared-for wife and mother has boundless pity and toleration for the unjustly cast-down and impoverished girl.

Accordingly Georgie's residence with them is made so pleasant to her that she rarely has time to remember that she has been tricked, defrauded, and ill-used by her late mother, late friend, and lover.

The gracious kindness shown by Gwendoline to Miss Finlay is so entirely a part of his wife's character, that Arch accepts it as the most natural thing in the world, and feels rather surprised when other people speak the warm commendation that is universally felt.

Arch himself has a strong inward conviction that Gwendoline is the best woman and wife in the world; that she is the grandest mother the Lord in his goodness could have given to the

boy; and that her presence in his home has made that home an earthly Paradise.

But he rarely expresses this conviction in so many words to anyone but the Dumorests. There is no need indeed to express it.

His sunny, golden-hued life shows it. His deep, intense, unvarying devotion to and interest in her and in the children shows it.

He wears his crown of glory so openly that there is no need to call attention to the fact by a verbal reference to it.

As for Gwendoline, hers is the realisation of the most exquisite ideal pictures of domestic happiness which she ever permitted herself to form (for others generally) in her young artistic days.

In her beautiful happiness and contentment, in her perfect love for and kindness towards everyone of her fellow creatures with whom she ever comes in contact, she cannot bring herself to think for a moment that all the world is not as heartily well disposed towards her as she is towards all the world.

There is no room in her large heart for anything but loving kindness, and as is invariably the case, the world reflects this expression of the face that is always bent in truth and toleration and tenderness upon it.

The world, reasonably enough, gives back frown for frown, sneer for sneer, ungraciousness for ungraciousness.

But it also gives back smile for smile, generous trust for generous trust, liking for liking.

So it is that the lady of the land is Queen of Hearts in Hesselton, and as she uses her sovereign power for the weal and happiness of each one, gentle and simple, the universal cry is, Long may she reign!

The Cadogan-Classon alliance has not been formed yet.

There is no demur nor hesitation on the part of Miss Classon. She is quite ready and willing to share that of which she has despoiled Georgie with the man of her heart and desire. But he unquestionably cannot be called either ardent or rashly impulsive in this matter of marriage.

Lady Ellerdale indeed considers him procrastinating and pusillanimous, and tells him so with remarkable candour. But she cannot pique him into taking quicker strides along the path she has persuaded him to take.

"I can have the woman at any moment I ask her to marry me," he says, "and meanwhile I am contented to rub along as I am at present. If she thought me impatient I should lose half my power over her; as it is, my indifference keeps her anxiety alive; she's mortally afraid that she may be put in the position of being left by a fellow whom all her friends are sure to tell her is a mere adventurer."

"But 'meanwhile,' how do you propose living?" Lady Ellerdale asks, scornfully.

"Never mind. I shall rub along all right; you can't complain that I tax your generosity very heavily."

"You've exhausted it," she says, and then she adds, with the courage that has come of her conviction that the more she defies him the less he will ever demand from her: "And to tell you the truth, Mr. Cadogan, you've exhausted every particle of kindly feeling that I once had for you; you have shown yourself so utterly contemptible in my eyes, that it is quite as much for my own comfort's sake as for any desire for your welfare that I wish you to marry and make an end of your stay here."

"Perhaps when I marry—if I marry—the fair Sarah will insist on living on her own property; and after your friendship with me, it will have a very bad effect on the pure public mind if you don't visit us; the fact of my marriage conveys no prospects of relief to you, Lady Ellerdale."

"What demons some men are," she says to herself, and knowing herself intimately, she adds: "And some women too!"

About this time Captain Letchford, whose beraved condition has excited a good deal of kindly social feeling in Hesselton, begins to find a certain undefinable alleviation to his woe in making frequent visits to the Saltouns. He calls there so constantly, and bemoans the dulness of his evenings at home, "now that she is

gone," so pathetically, that people begin to believe that his grief for her is as genuine as he believes it to be himself. And they pity him accordingly.

Mr. Saltoun, for example, begs that he will often vary the monotony of his evening by staying and dining with them when he calls in of a cold winter's afternoon.

And he is so delighted with the invitations that he invariably accepts them, though he knows well that raging waves of anger will roll over his head when he goes home and faces his daughters.

They have been true to their first resolves, and have striven assiduously ever since their mother's death to make home happy after his own heart to "papa."

They have allowed him to drink as much whiskey-and-water at all seasons and unreasonable hours as by any stretch of conscience can be considered good for his welfare from either a medical or moral point of view.

They have waited on him with the assiduity of self-interest, never suffering him to take his drives or walks abroad without one or other of them accompanying him, for fear he may fall a prey to the wiles of some female lion who may be lurking about seeking to devour his substance.

He is fond of society in a small way, very fond of having three or four friends to dine at his well-appointed, well-spread board.

They have gratified him even in this, frequently asking the nicest men and the oldest and ugliest women they know to partake of their hospitality.

And now their filial devotion is meeting with this reward—namely, that he is perpetually absenting himself from the family board without even asking for leave, in order to dine with the Saltouns, and fall a prey to the devices of Miss Finlay.

The old gentleman becomes suspiciously gay and debonnaire about this time.

He frequently enlivens the sombre expression of his mourning garments by inserting a flower in his button-hole.

He is always well brushed and well kempt altogether, and he begins to exhibit a certain juvenility in his jaunty gait and scrupulous attire now.

He refers less frequently week by week to the late Mrs. Letchford, and "the girls" say to each other savagely that they "feel quite sure that papa is ready to make an old idiot of himself."

Their fears seem really to be founded upon fact, they see with horror, when at last they receive, with their father, a formal invitation to dine at Friars Court.

They take papa well in tow during the day, not allowing him to wander out of their sight for a moment longer than is unavoidable.

Once, for a few brief minutes, he does manage to elude their vigilance, and he makes good use of his time by cutting all the rarest flowers and ferns in his conservatory, making them into as pretty a bouquet as his taste and his trembling hands can achieve, and sending them over by his groom to Friars Court with his "compliments to Miss Finlay."

But his temerity nearly brings him into terrible trouble, for his daughters have designed certain of the best white flowers for their own adornment this evening.

They do not make the discovery that the flowers are gone until after they are dressed, for they have purposely left the flowers uncut till the last, in order the better to preserve their freshness.

He feels that he trembles quietly as they pick up the scissors and pass through the door that leads from the drawing-room.

He knows that he will stand accused in their minds of all manner of follies, when they find out to whom those flowers have gone, and he also knows that it will be useless to attempt to conceal their destination from them.

"She" will wear them to-night, for a surety; she has promised him that she will in a little note brought back by the groom.

Ah! would that for this one night she could love him and value his gifts less!

As he gives vent to this earnest aspiration his eldest daughter comes back into the room, flushed and angry.

"Papa," she begins, "that gardener is a thief; I've often suspected it, and now I know it; this morning there were four or five of those lovely white roses just opening fit to wear in the hair; and the carnations are gone—both white and red, and those lovely double snowdrops and primulas that I have been treasuring up so carefully; he's stolen them, and sold them, and if I were you I'd have him in and charge him with the theft at once!"

Captain Letchford shivers. He has got the Victoria medal, he has borne himself gallantly in several severe engagements, he has been wounded many and many a time without wincing, but he shivers now before his own child with a feeling that is near akin to terror.

For a moment or two he thinks whether it wouldn't be better to let the weight of suspicion fall upon Roberts, the gardener, whom he can secretly reward for the evil done to him in the Miss Letchfords' thoughts.

Then he remembers that this course will not avail him.

"She" will wear the flowers, and the attempt at concealment will only make his daughters assume that he is what he is, namely—terribly afraid of them.

"To be sure they're gone," he says, as airily as he can under the circumstances. "I'm sorry it has happened that I should have cut them to-day as it seems you want them; fact is, I receive so much kind attention from the Saltouns that I thought it would be a delicate recognition of it to send a few flowers to their particular friend, Miss Finlay."

"Their particular friend, Miss Finlay?" Miss Letchford echoes with unfathomable scorn. "Oh, papa! you're not so blind, so mad, are you, as to think that Miss Finlay would have looked at you or your flowers if she had been in her proper place still. She just wants a home, and she's trying to bamboozle you into giving her one. I hate such nasty designing ways. I remember the way she ran after Mr. Saltoun, and threw herself at Mr. Cadogan's feet; you don't think I've forgotten how we all used to laugh at her—all of us together—poor mamma and you, as well as us girls. Do you think she'd have looked at you then?"

Captain Letchford draws himself up to his full height, which is not imposing, as he replies:

"I was not a free man then, my dear, I was still blessed with your dear mother. I'm sure Miss Finlay's sense of morality wouldn't have allowed her to look at me then, whatever her inclination may have led her to do."

"It's no use talking now," the younger daughter grumbles, "we shall be late for dinner, and that won't improve matters; we're going looking frights both of us, papa, thanks to you. There's nothing so trying as this dead black, whereas when it's relieved with white flowers it's lovely; but of course our looks are nothing to you now."

Captain Letchford groans.

"I shouldn't wonder if Miss Finlay persuades you to leave us without a shilling, and to give her the power to turn us out of the house when you die," the young lady goes on volubly; "she has learnt the lesson rather bitterly from Miss Classon, and will know how to do it."

On the whole, Captain Letchford does not have a very happy drive over to Friars Court this night.

But he bears up under the temporary affliction, consoled by the reflection that sweet amends will be made to him presently, when he will be told off to take Miss Finlay into dinner, and may possibly find an opportunity of giving her fair fingers a surreptitious squeeze under the table.

His daughters have put his vague and undefined ideas very clearly before him now. Until they spoke he had no notion how nearly determined he had been to try his chances with Miss Finlay.

Now he is resolved to do so without much

further delay; and is elated at the fair prospect of success there is before him.

It is true that ever and anon some extra rasping word from one or other of his children rouses him from his dream of future bliss.

But the drive is a short one, and "she" will wear his flowers.

She does wear his flowers; disposed some of them in her hair, and some on the transparent bodice of her black tulle dress.

She wears his flowers, and looks very nice in them, for under the softening, pleasant influence of Gwendoline Saltoun, Miss Finlay has become softer and pleasanter both in physique and manner.

It is impossible to be long in the atmosphere of a peace-loving, kindhearted, gracious-mannered, sweet-face woman; without some of the peacefulness, kindness, graciousness, and sweetness getting absorbed into those who are about her.

Mrs. Saltoun has given the woman, who was so forlorn when she came, love, and this not because there is anything particularly lovable about Miss Finlay, but because Gwendoline felt that poor Georgie needed it, and because the woman whose life is one perpetual round of loving and being loved, knows that it is as essential to humanity as the sun is to flowers.

So on this occasion Georgie looks so surprisingly well that the Miss Letchfords are not quite so much surprised at their father's choice as they previously felt, and are in much greater dread for him.

It all goes off very much as he has hoped and they have feared that it would.

Captain Letchford does take Miss Finlay, does find that coveted opportunity of squeezing Georgie's hand under the friendly cover of the cloth.

More than this, he takes advantage of a blessed minute of universal gabble, when he feels that even the eyes of his own offspring are directed elsewhere, to whisper:

"I have something to say to you which I must say to you to-morrow if you'll let me, you little fascinating gipsy?"

"Certainly, Captain Letchford," the young lady replies, demurely, subduing her inclination to smile.

She knows she is not "little"; lumpy is rather what she would be inclined to designate her own proportions, did she find them in another person.

And she has a suspicion that her "beauty, though it may be of a high order, is not exactly gipsy-like."

However, Captain Letchford gains her permission to "call to-morrow."

## CHAPTER XLIII.

And well my follies meed he gave  
Who forfeited to be his slave  
All here, and all beyond the grave.

It is little Archie Saltoun's seventh birthday, and high festival is being held at Friars Court.

A mighty pavilion has been erected on the lawn, and under its shade tables stretch their length from end to end, laid with covers for the entertainment of upwards of four hundred guests, and elaborately decked with flowers and the fine old early English Saltoun plate.

It seems as if all the nobility and gentry of the West of England had been called together to do honour to some little prince," Mr. Cadogan says to his wife—the lady who has heretofore figured as "Miss Classon"—in these pages. "Idiotic fuss Saltoun makes about his boy; to be sure."

"Yes; pride will have a fall, we're told," Mrs. Cadogan replies, firmly believing that she is quoting correctly from scripture, and thus satisfying her ill-nature, as it were. "Most likely this child will grow up a dissolute reprobate as a punishment for his father's and mother's wicked idolatry of him."

"Look at Mrs. Letchford scanning me, and trying to look as if she didn't see me," Cadogan laughs, pointing out to the observation of his



wife the late Miss Finlay, who has, since we left her at the Saltouns little dinner, accepted the small promotion offered her by the gallant naval officer whom we last saw playing the part of bereaved widower.

"Scanning you, indeed, she's scanning my dress, and hating me as Georgie Finlay can hate any woman who looks nicer than herself for being able to afford it! Ah! if ever a girl has been punished directly from above for unfilial conduct, it's you, my lady."

Mrs. Cadogan speaks her mind to the unconscious Georgie in such unctiously spiteful tones that even the utterly and irredeemably selfish creature she calls her husband is disgusted with her.

"Don't gloat over the poor wretch's ill-luck perpetually, Sarah; you did her out of her birthright, isn't that enough for you?"

"Did her out of it, indeed! you've led such a cheating life yourself that you can't believe that a stroke of good-luck ever befalls an honest person," Mrs. Cadogan says, indignantly. And just for the moment further recrimination is put an end to by a call for "silence," as the little heir's health is to be drunk with all the honours.

Archie's health is proposed in brief, graceful language by the Earl of Ellerdale, the Lord Lieutenant of the county.

In a few well-chosen words the heartiest good wishes for the future welfare of the boy, whose father is so brave, honourable, and popular—whose mother is so worthy of her lord and of her proud place among them—are expressed. Cheers rend the air.

Little Archie, mounted on his father's shoulder, laughs with exultant, childish, infectious glee at the joyful noise he is already creating in the world, and bows his bright head in gladsome acknowledgment of the homage that is being rendered to him.

Mr. Saltoun is in the middle of a speech full of heart-felt thanks for the honours paid to his boy when a servant hands him a letter.

He closes his speech rather abruptly, for something in the servant's words, "From a lady, sir," strikes a chill to his heart, and in the minute after the close of his speech he has mastered the contents of the inopportune delivered missive.

They are as follows:

"Come to me without delay at the 'Saltoun Arms.' I can give you all the information you desire about your wife Gladys. "BRITTON."

He hates to go, but he dare not stay.

Feeling and taste make him loath the idea of having this ghost resuscitated on this of all days in the year.

But something stronger than feeling and taste compel him to go.

Whispering a few words of explanation to his wife, and muttering to the guests in his immediate vicinity something to the effect that "business that can soon be disposed of calls him away for a few minutes," Mr. Saltoun makes his way very rapidly down to the chief inn of Hesselton, the sign-board of which has blazoned on it his own honoured family name.

The landlord, who is an old Friars Court butler, and his wife, who is an old Friars Court cook, meet him at the entrance.

And there is an expression in the faces of both which differs widely from the universal looks of affectionate, sympathising pride, which have greeted him hitherto on this the seventh anniversary of the birthday of his heir.

But he will not regard their inglorious expression of countenance—he will not allow himself to be depressed, or in any way affected by it.

His words and tones ring out as cheerily as if there were no foreshadowings of gloom in his mind.

"What is this, Watkins? You ought to be up at the Court drinking Master Archie's health with the rest of them!" he says, as he pauses a minute in the passage.

"Business must be attended to, sir; but Master Archie hasn't had his health and happiness drunk by anyone to-day more heartily than by my missus and me."

There is a deeper melancholy in the man's tones than in his face even.

Arch Saltoun feels aggrieved and impatient, and with a curt:

"Well, leave the business to the evening, and make your way up to the Court; there will be supper for all hands in the hall," he lays his hand on the handle of the door of the parlour, and is about to enter when Watkins hesitatingly intercepts him, saying:

"Beg pardon, sir, but it's a terrible trial you're going to face, Mr. Saltoun. Heaven bless you and support you through it."

Then without another word, without any further preparation, with the roaring of guns, and the cheering of the people in some fresh burst of enthusiasm for his boy ringing in his ears, Arch Saltoun opens the door and sees—Gladys!

Gladys, as beautiful and bewitching, and to all appearances as young and uncareworn as when first he saw her on that fatal day at Torquay, so many years ago.

Gladys! alive and well with nothing about her to warrant the possibility of his indulging for one moment in the fallacious hope that her appearance is a mere chimera of his brain.

He stands regarding her in motionless and speechless agony for a while. One of the most exquisitely torturing sensations that he is called upon to endure in this hour that is so fraught with them is this, that he remembers vividly how he loved and mourned the loss of this woman once, and how the sight of her alive, looking exactly as she had looked when he loved her most, is to him as if the pains of Hades had got hold of him.

The sight of her means ruin to the good wife whom he loves and honours; means destruction to the son whom he adores!

It is no wonder that presently the strong man reels and totters into the first seat that offers itself, and falls to weeping as weakly, as hopelessly as the most wretched woman has ever wept in this vale of tears.

"Arch! listen to me!"

Her voice falls distinctly on his ear!

Is it possible that this can be the voice of Gladys?

Her tones are full of tender, gentle, sympathetic intonations.

Has Gladys a heart?

Can it really be that she feels no remorse for the ruin and woe, the destruction and dishonour which her wayward, wilful, wicked conduct has wrought?

Once more, even while he is asking himself these questions, her voice breaks the stillness.

"I am worse than you once believed me, Arch, but I am not such an utterly bad woman as you believe me now. Can you listen? Can you understand and believe that I have not come back to destroy and degrade—anyone but myself?"

She holds her hands out imploringly to him as she speaks, and all his heart is with—all his agony is for another woman.

He cannot give the one whom he regards as a guilty suppliant the reassuring clasp for which she craves.

His crown of glory will be tarnished through her means.

His boy will be made baseborn! He cannot touch her hand in friendship.

He can hold no terms with the vile, wicked Fate who has blighted his honour and his life.

All these, and a dozen more sentiments that are angrily opposed to her, are expressed in the bearing and face of the man who once held her to his heart, and gave her the proud title of wife.

Still, though she is anguished by reading them, apparently, she will not retreat—she will not be repulsed.

She has her own work to do, she reminds herself, and she will do it in her own way.

"You need not recoil from me," she says, gently. "I have come back to undo all the evil I may ever have done you, and when you hear how innocently I did that evil, perhaps you will think less badly and hardly of me."

"Speak quickly," he groans; "going round

the subject won't make the saying easier to you, or the hearing less horrible to me."

She moves her hands in deprecation of the bitterness of her speech.

"How you hate me!" she murmurs; "you hate as blindly and unreasonably as you once loved; well, I will be as brief as you wish me to be. Arch Saltoun, for your sake, for the sake of all whom you love, for the sake of lifting the light cloud that still overshadows my sister Gwendoline's bright life, I have come back to put my own neck in the noose again, and claim my husband!"

She ceases speaking, and looks steadily at him with such unutterable sadness in her eyes, that if he were not pitying himself and others so much, he could find it in his heart to pity her.

It is only by a strong effort that he can refrain from anathematising her—this woman who has been the bane and blight of all whom he holds most dear and precious.

She reads correctly every emotion that is written so legibly on his face, and she can bear his contempt, distrust, and hatred no longer.

"I have come back to a life of misery and pain for the sake of all whom you hold dearest. I have come back to 'ring out the false, and ring in the true,' to place myself once more in the power of a bad and selfish man, and to cover myself with shame and ignominy. The husband I have come back to claim is the man who calls himself 'Cadogan,' and who is in reality Charles Cardigan, the husband I believed to be dead when I married you; the wretch whose re-appearance drove me to leave you; the coward who all his life has traded on women's tenderness and fears, and who shall now pay the penalty of his baseness by being scourged and scorned, and left penniless."

She pours out her words fluently and fiercely, and Arch can listen to them now, for they tell him of a future of peace and love and happiness.

At last he can speak kind words to her, at last he can feel grateful to her for the effort she is going to make to lift the lightest shadow of a cloud from the sunny sky of life that canopies Gwendoline and his children.

And so sometimes with angry, ardent haste, sometimes slowly, sadly and falteringly, Gladys tells, and he listens to the story of her life.

He hears of the headstrong, miserable infatuation for the man whose marriage with her was opposed by her whole family.

He hears of the long-drawn out misery of that union until it pleased Cardigan to go away and raise a report of his own death—which happy fact she believed to be so well authenticated that, as we have seen, she, after many doubts and fears, consented to marry Arch Saltoun.

He hears the incident of their meeting on the road that day when Vengeance, the dog, recognised as fully and unhesitatingly as she did herself the old lord and master—the tyrant of their lives.

He hears of Britton's opportune death, and of the insane desire to rid him of herself at any price, which prompted Gladys to the course which left him free as he imagined.

He hears a tale of such rascality on the part of Cardigan as would furnish him with materials for half a dozen novels, if he were a sensation novelist.

And lastly he hears that Gladys, in her anxiety to make all things clear for himself and his wife and children—"in order," as she says, "to make what reparation she can, to offer such atonement as she may, for all the faults and follies of her early youth," has already put her case in the hands of a lawyer, for the sake of showing openly to all the world that Arch Saltoun's marriage with her was never a marriage at all, by reason of her previous marriage with Cardigan, who is still living.

There is by-and-bye a passionately painful, tender meeting between the two sisters, whose life-paths have been so strangely divergent, and yet have so singularly crossed each other.

And there is a passionately painful meeting,

untouched by any trace of tenderness, between the real husband and wife—Cardigan and Gladys—before the former is delivered up to the justice which is to avenge the laws he has broken and outraged.

How many women have reason to hate him is never clearly ascertained.

Lady Ellerdale, for instance, abstains from openly denouncing him, and contents herself with doing it in the recesses of her own soul, though no one knows better than her ladyship what cause she has to be thankful that he was legally bound before even he crossed her life-path.

As for Miss Classon, the poor wretch has had cause to rue her alliance with him in every way, for no sooner has it been definitely decided that she having no claim to the title of his wife, he has no claim on the money she brought him, than he surrenders into proper hands a later "will" than the one by which Miss Classon has temporarily benefitted, by which Lady Fitz-elster vindicates her maternity, and leaves everything she possesses (save a legacy of one hundred a year to her faithful companion, Miss Classon) to her long defrauded daughter.

So the wicked cease to flourish in these pages, and Gladys, leaving the good to their own happy devices at Friars Court, goes away on her devious path alone! but blessing and being blessed at last by those to whom she is nearest and has been dearest.

[THE END.]

#### FROM PENURY TO PLENTY.

THE setting sun shone upon a pretty rural scene, upon which Farmer Cartwright's eyes dwelt with the pride of ownership.

His substantial figure made the young girls who stood beside him look very slight and fragile by way of contrast, though, in reality, they were perfect types of health and of the rounded outlines and rosy bloom of "sweet sixteen."

Ellen, the old man's only daughter, was fair and petite, with bright blue eyes smiling out under masses of curling, yellow hair, cut short upon the forehead, and hanging in shining waves over her shoulders.

Flora Shelby, her intimate friend, was her complete contrast—with wide, dark eyes, and a stately carriage of the head which harmonised well with her delicate, clear-cut features, and tall, lithe young frame.

Ellen was filling her father's pipe.

Suddenly a strange voice broke in upon the peaceful scene.

"I am homeless and hungry. Can you give me some supper and a night's lodging? I will pay in work to-morrow."

After a moment's hesitation the farmer replied:

"The wife likes not to admit strangers within doors; but if you sleep in the barn you are welcome. The hay is sweet and clean, and if you never have worse company than the dumb beasts you need not complain."

"But the mistress had been attracted to the door by the sound of a strange voice, and she said, in no gentle tone:

"Do my eyes deceive me, John Cartwright? Are you going to trust that young vagrant in among your horses? I'll be bound he's a ne'er-do-well."

"Don't, mother," whispered Ellen. "He looks not like one of that sort. His face is an honest one."

"Dear auntie, let uncle try him. I heard him say but a few minutes ago that he was short of hands," pleaded Flora.

"Nonsense! What do two silly chits like you know of the world? You'd believe black was white if anyone told you so."

Ellen flushed and hung her head at her step-mother's sharp words.

Flora's slight figure straightened itself in wounded dignity.

A deep red burned through the stranger's bronzed cheeks.

He turned to go, with a grateful glance at the pretty pleaders whose low tones had reached him.

But John Cartwright had a strong will of his own.

He only shrugged his shoulders at his wife's disapproval, and said, good-naturedly but decidedly:

"Never mind, wife; if aught goes wrong we'll not blame you for't. Ellen, lass, run and cut some slices from the round of beef and bring them hither with a brown loaf."

The young man's hunger was very soon satisfied.

He was then shown to his sleeping place in the barn.

Then Helen stole to her father's side, who said:

"Do you know, lass, that lad's voice set me to thinking. It may be that my own boy is living somewhere on the face of the earth, and mayhap has to ask charity. It sort of went to my heart like. I couldn't say him 'nay' for the thought of George—little, golden-haired George—my only son," and the old man heaved a deep sigh.

Ellen ran her fingers through his whitened locks with a tender, caressing touch, as she said:

"Does the stranger look as my brother did?"

"No, lass. He had a skin like milk; and this lad is dark as the Indians I've read of in my book of travels. But for my lost boy's sake, whether he be alive or dead, I mean to give you manly youth a trial."

Flora, who had been listening with her heart in his eyes, caught up one big, sun-browned hand in her two soft pink palms and kissed it.

Then, frightened at the impulsive action so unwonted to her reserved nature, she fled home with the speed of a startled fawn as Dame Cartwright's voice sounded again at the door:

"Ellen, child, go fix yourself decent. It's time for someone to be here, and you look like a milkmaid in that cotton dress."

"I care not," pouted Ellen. "Mr. Weld's nought to me, and never will be. Robin May's little finger is more to me than that dark man's whole possessions, be he rich as King Solomon," answered Ellen, sturdily.

Ellen was a favourite with her step-mother, who always softened her harsh voice when talking to her; so that the girl did not stand in such wholesome awe of her sharp tongue as did the rest of the household.

Yet the parent's word is law; and Ellen secretly dreaded that an influence might be brought to bear against Robin, whom she loved with the whole fervour of her romantic little heart.

As she had said, nothing was really known of her new admirer, Thomas Weld; but his plausible way and affluent appearance had made her worldly-minded step-mother think she was doing Ellen a benefit in trying to further the match.

It was the hour of midnight.

Nothing could be heard but the drowsy coo of some sleepy dove as she nestled closer over her nest, or the steady breathing of the tired horses in their stalls.

But there is a sudden stir.

Dark figures move to and fro outside the barn.

Then the bolt is pushed softly back, and they enter.

Sacks are hurriedly placed on the floor, and busy hands seize the bags of wheat ready for the market, and fill the empty ones with their contents.

Another moment and the thieves will be off with their booty, for they have untied two of the strongest draught horses, and slung the sacks of grain across their backs, ready for a start.

But what is that?

The moon has risen, and as her silvery beams glance in through the open door they fall upon a tall, white object, which rises up with outstretched, waving arms, and blood-curdling cries, and comes toward the startled marauders.

One instant they gaze in silent horror, each hair of their superstitious heads standing erect from fright, then they turn and run wildly away, thinking of nothing but their individual safety.

One among them, evidently the leader, tries to stop their flight, saying in low, savage tones:

"You idiots, you are running from a shadow."  
"No, maister," comes the trembling answer; "it's a ghost! a ghost! I alays heard tell there be ghosts in this hollow, and now I knows it."

With muttered curses, not loud but deep, the discomfited ruffian follows the rest, and the ghost is sole occupant of the place.

My reader undoubtedly knows that the apparition is one of flesh and blood.

It is only the young stranger whom the kind farmer had befriended.

He hastened to rouse his benefactor, picking up on his way a glittering stone that lay shining on the floor.

He handed it to Farmer Cartwright, whose brow darkened suddenly as he looked at it.

"I've seen that stone before, and in my own house too. That comes of making free with a stranger. Now I think of it, he has an uncanny face." He turned to the lad abruptly: "How came they to run off without taking what they came to get?"

"All I know is, sir, that someone called 'a ghost'! 'a ghost'! Maybe it was I that frightened them."

The farmer smiled grimly.

"I see it all. This place has an eerie sort of name among the ignorant folk around, and they mistook you for the unquiet spirit whom they say walks at the cock crowing. Well, young man, you saved me more'n the price of your supper."

The next morning Farmer Cartwright went for a warrant to arrest Thomas Weld, whose signet had fallen from his ring and remained a silent witness against him.

But he had fled beyond the reach of justice.

With this proof that Ellen had read his character aright, we dismiss him from our story.

From this time the farmer engaged the young man as a regular assistant on the place, and he soon became a great favourite.

For several seasons they worked together, side by side.

One day, while mowing a fine field of clover, the master's scythe flew from his hand and struck his follower just below the knee, inflicting a severe cut.

In great haste and anxiety the old man tore off his clothes and made an improvised bandage of his bandanna handkerchief, tying it just above the wound so as to check the flow of blood.

Before he had succeeded in doing so, the lad had fainted.

Much to Farmer Cartwright's surprise, the uncovered limb was white as snow, forming a striking contrast to the dark tint of his face and hands.

A peculiar, crescent-shaped scar also attracted his attention, and made his stout heart thrill with emotion as he took him up in his strong arms and carried him to the house.

He had seen that scar before, unless it were possible that fate had played him the unkind trick of bringing to his door a youth marked in this way just to make sport of an old man, bereaved for years of his only son.

But no, it could not be.

It was the same wound he had seen the surgeon sew up on his baby-boy.

He said solemnly, yet with a strange, happy light upon his face, as Dame Cartwright met him at the door:

"Wife, make ready the best chamber; for he who was lost is found; thanks be to Him."

After he was laid in the clean lavender-scented bed, the doctor was sent for; but though the patient soon recovered his consciousness, nothing was said of the wonderful discovery until his wound was dressed and he was pronounced out of danger.



Then the old man sat down by the bedside and took one nerveless hand in his broad brown palm:

"My lad," he said huskily. "I've treated you well since you've been with me, and have ever showed confidence in you. Now, do the same by me, and tell me all you know of yourself."

The young man looked at the speaker's agitated face in surprise as he said:

"I know so little about myself that it's hardly worth telling. I came to you from a gipsy camp. I was contented with the tribe till Meg, my reputed mother, died; for she never let the men teach me any of their bad ways. But after she was gone I was expected to do as the rest, and had such rough treatment when I refused that I ran away."

"Can you remember anything different from your life with the gipsies? Try and think if you had any other home."

"I sometimes think, as in a dream, of a soft-voiced woman who used to sing to me; but it's so indistinct that I've given up trying to believe it was ever true."

"It is the truth," said the old man, solemnly. "You shall see the face you speak of;" and rising, he went to an old-fashioned cabinet, unlocked a drawer, and took from it a picture in water-colours.

As he held it before the young man's eyes, his face lighted up with sudden joy.

"It is! It is the same! Oh, sir, it was not a dream! It was a blessed memory!"

"You are right. It is the picture of your sainted mother—my wife—Ruth Cartwright, whose heart broke when you were spirited away so mysteriously—not knowing whether her bonny boy was dead or alive—and was laid under the sod in less than a year. Oh, my boy, my boy! How little you knew that Heaven had brought you to your own father's door! Blessed be His name!"

It was a happy moment for both. An honest name and a father's love for the one, and a son to carry that time-honoured name down to posterity for the other.

We will draw a veil over the confidences exchanged between the father and his recovered boy.

Another spring will see two weddings; one at the Cartwright farm, when Ellen and Robin are to join their destinies for better or for worse; for Robin had become rich by means of an ingenious invention, and can make a comfortable home for his pretty bride.

The other young couple are—George Cartwright and Flora Shelby, Ellen's friend. It was a happy day for Flora when George's parentage was discovered.

Her young heart had given its wealth of love to the stranger when he was only a nameless farm-hand; but she well knew her parents would not hear of her marrying him, and she had striven to crush down the feeling, and avoided the farm-house where she had been wont to visit so constantly, not daring to trust herself within the influence of the dark, soulful eyes, which ever thrilled their glances to her very heart's core.

George had been as studious to avoid Flora, and for the same reason; so the loving young hearts had of late been ill at ease lest some chance should betray to each the other's secret.

Now, however, the young heir of substantial acres can hold up his head with any of the rustic beaux in the neighbourhood; and Flora's parents are well pleased at the match.

Love delights in making her votaries uneasy and unhappy for a time, but true hearts are generally rewarded by the roguish god at last.

R. E.

#### TAXING DOGS ACCORDING TO THEIR VALUE.

We learn that a Dog Bill has recently been passed in Virginia allowing owners to value their dogs at 100 dols., and to pay to the Commissioner the tax on that amount, which is 1 dol. for the first dog and 50 cents. for all others.

After the dog is so listed for taxation he becomes as much personal property as a cow or a horse. Of course no one is compelled to pay the tax; it is purely voluntary. It will have the effect of stopping the stealing of valuable dogs, and a stolen dog will be as rare as a stolen horse. This tax will place some thousands of dollars in the State Treasury.

## THE INVISIBLE COMMODORE; OR, THE SECRETS OF THE MILL.

### CHAPTER XXI.

THE pirates landed on the island.

Their purpose was carried into execution without further remark, and in less than another half-hour the formidable invaders had encamped in one of the sheltered hollows of the interior, built a tremendous fire, produced various fluid and solid refreshments, and entered joyously upon the task of making themselves comfortable for the remainder of the night.

"I know a thing or two, Brewer," said the false major to the outlaw he had chosen to be his lieutenant temporarily, as they sat refreshing themselves at one side of the fire. "I once spent more than six months with a shipwrecked party at this end of the island. Such a charming time has never fallen to my lot elsewhere—never."

"It was a dozen years ago or more, but I can recall as plainly as a thing of yesterday the life a large crowd of us led here. Such hunting and fishing! Such perfect freedom from all anxiety! It was one of those seasons of enjoyment that will never pass from my memory. One of the charms of our life on that occasion was a vast cave we had in the interior—a sort of natural house—where we were as comfortable as a clam at high water. Are you sleepy or tired?"

"Not a bit, cap'n. Too excited."

"Then what do you say to a stroll by torch-light to the cave in question? The distance is short. Perhaps the robbers of our treasure are already in possession; but even in that case they will all be asleep, save a sentry or two, from whom we can retreat as rapidly as may be necessary. If you would like to join me, Brewer, we will make a reconnaissance on our own account in the direction indicated, with the certainty that we can always take care of ourselves, whatever may happen."

The project was quite agreeable to the old pirate, who was anxious to signalise himself in his new field of duty, and the couple accordingly selected torches from the fire—the impostor saying a few words to his men—and soon vanished from view in the interior of the island.

And thus did it come about that the false major—so soon, so unexpectedly—was again upon the traces of the real major, and headed for the very retreat in which Harry and his friends had taken refuge!

Another good nap was enjoyed by Governor Morrow, and then he was astir again.

At the least movement from him Essie was also astir, showing that her sleep had been equally light.

The couple returned to Harry together, looking greatly refreshed, as brief as their slumbers had been.

"It's your turn now, major," said the governor, smilingly. "There is time for you to secure a refreshing sleep before another day will dawn upon us. I can take your place at watching and in tending the fire."

"I am not a bit sleepy, governor," replied Harry. "Besides, I wish to talk to you about our situation and prospects, and see if we cannot hit upon some plan for the morrow. Have

you any knowledge as to our real whereabouts?"

"Not the least, my dear major—not the least. Masterman says we are on the island of Oruba, off the coast of Venezuela, but I do not put the least faith in his statements. We may be on the island of Oruba, of course, considering that the pirates were under sail ten days after leaving Barbadoes, but we are just as likely to be off the coast of Honduras. I believe, however, that we are near the retreat of the pirates."

"Your excellency is right," declared Harry, without the least hesitation. "What is more to the point, several British ships of war are near us. I detected the fact by listening to the excited movements and exclamations of the pirates aboard the schooner. If, therefore, we can communicate with the cruisers in the course of the morning, we shall have nothing more to fear from the pirates."

There was new life in the thought.

"Oh, if we only could!" sighed the governor.

"We can and we will!" assured Harry, who had not lost any portion of his wonted energy. "But the first thing for us to do is to get out of the company of Masterman. The attempt he has made to kill you, governor, may be repeated at any moment. And yet hear how soundly he sleeps!"

It was, indeed, a curious thing to see how utterly devoid of feeling and conscience was this ancient assassin. His snoring filled the nooks of the cavern.

"I am not afraid that his 'evil communications' will 'corrupt' our 'good manners,' in accordance with the old proverb," continued Harry, "but I am afraid that he will embrace the first opportunity of doing us some deadly injury. If we should meet an enemy, or be found here by an enemy—which is, of course, perfectly possible—Masterman would doubtless join that enemy in any act looking to our disadvantage."

"I agree with you, major," said the governor, earnestly, giving expression to an approving look from his daughter. "The sooner we are out of the rascal's company the better. His object in assisting us to escape was to get my daughter into his clutches. This object he will continue to pursue under every contingency of the future. We must get rid of him, major, as you suggest, and perhaps the best way of doing so is to take an instant leave of him!"

"You have hit the nail squarely on the head, governor," said Harry. "As we didn't bring this man here, we are in no way responsible for him. As he could only be to us a constant peril and menace, we ought not to associate another minute with him."

"But what do you counsel?"

"That we leave this place immediately, looking up new quarters along the shore to the eastward, or a mile or two further into the interior."

"You are right, major," said the governor, noticing an approving look from our heroine. "The fellow has a boat at his disposal, and can leave the island at his own good pleasure if affairs don't go on here to suit him. Suppose we vacate immediately? There is certainly no necessity of waking him out of that remarkable sleep to tell him that we are going to take our leave of him?"

"Certainly not," replied Harry, smilingly—"no more than it is necessary to tell him where we are going!"

"Then let's be off!" proposed the governor. "It is not only a danger to remain in that man's company, but the very presence is pollution."

Taking torches from the fire, the trio left the cavern, Harry leading the way, and Essie leaning upon the arm of her father.

Once out in the open air, the fugitives found that a great change had taken place in the weather.

Instead of the sultry calm which had reigned at the moment of their arrival at the island, a fair breeze was blowing, but such was the delightful temperature of the climate in those

tropical scenes that this breeze was in no sense unpleasant.

"It makes no difference in which direction we direct our steps, I suppose, governor?" asked Harry.

"Not the least, major, only my choice is for the interior—at least until the blow is over. It is there that we shall be the most sheltered from discovery, and it is there also that we shall find game, fruits, and all the necessities of existence."

"I agree with your excellency," said Harry, scanning the face of a pocket compass which had long been his companion. "Our route is taken accordingly!"

He continued to lead the way, and the route he took soon led him clear of all the ravines and valleys through which they had passed on their way to the cavern.

The force of the wind became more and more manifest every moment, despite the shelter afforded by the dense vegetation of the island.

The two men had considerable difficulty in preventing their torches from being extinguished, and on two or three different occasions barely missed being injured by falling branches.

They realised that one of the gales peculiar to the season had set in, as predicted by Masterman.

"There is another reason why we should seek the interior," suggested the governor, when the trio had reached a valley that was comparatively sheltered. "It is essential to seek a retreat upon one of the highest elevations of the island, in order that we may be able to overlook the surrounding waters."

The thought had occurred to Harry; it was indeed one of the first considerations which had governed his action.

It was no difficult matter to maintain his advance in the right direction.

All he had to do, in fact, was to continue to ascend higher and higher, taking care to keep to the cover of bushes, and avoiding all bluffs and prominences from which the torches could be seen from the sea.

In due time a halt was made to supply themselves with new torches, and the occasion was improved to exchange hearty congratulations at having dispensed with Masterman's company.

"You must be weary, child," finally said the governor to his daughter.

"No more so than you are, dear father, in all probability," replied Essie. "How much it all seems like a dream!"

"It does indeed! To think of the governor of Barbadoes and his deputy as wandering at dead of night, with you, Essie, in some far away island of the Caribbean, and unable to tell within a thousand miles our real whereabouts—this is indeed an experience that will hardly be repeated!"

"One such adventure is enough for a lifetime," said our heroine. "But if I could feel sure of getting clear of the pirates, and of returning safely to our home, I cannot say that I should mourn greatly at what has happened, particularly if Captain Chuddley should be favoured with the same good fortune as ourselves."

"Bravely said, my dear child," commented the governor. "I cannot doubt that a kind Heaven will grant our wishes."

Thus discussing their hopes as well as their surroundings and perils, the trio reached a spot which gave every promise, so far as they could examine it superficially, of being the retreat they were seeking.

It was the brow of a considerable hill, densely wooded, and having under an overhanging ledge a shelter which corresponded exactly with their wishes.

The opening had indeed once been a cave, to judge from its appearances, but its walls had been either disintegrated by the elements, or had been destroyed by an explosion or an earthquake.

Be that as it may, there was an opening large enough for a habitation, and plenty of stone and

brushwood at hand to furnish necessary protection to the outer side, at a cost of very little labour and trouble.

"This looks to me like our island home," said Harry, smilingly, as he flashed his torch into every nook of the opening.

"It certainly does," assented the governor, scanning the whole scene attentively. "It is sheltered from observation, and sufficiently out of the way not to be stumbled upon by the first man that happens to stroll in this direction."

"Then let's take possession," proposed Harry, with new energy and cheerfulness. "A fire will not be seen from the sea, even in this darkness, so long as there is no cloud above us for the glow to be reflected upon, and I am sure there is no present danger from any other quarter. The fire, therefore, must be our first object."

A very cheerful fire was soon kindled. "It is not so much that it is agreeable to look at," observed Harry, "but we need it to throw light upon our work. A few stones and bushes upon this side of the opening will render it a comfortable dwelling."

The two men were soon busy at the labours thus suggested, and even Essie insisted upon assisting them, taking great pleasure in bestowing sundry spreading leaves and branches in such a way as to give quite an aspect of home to the impromptu dwelling.

In these labours the remainder of the night glided away unnoticed, as in a dream, and the very first hint they had of the lapse of time was at seeing that the light of their fire was no longer necessary to their operations.

"Thank Heaven! we have safely reached another day!" cried the governor. "The mercies of the past must give us hope for the future."

The day was indeed well begun, considering all the circumstances.

They were rid of Masterman, who, if he tried to find them, might spend a week in the search without detecting their retreat.

They were all well and hopeful. As to the means of existence in such a luxuriant wilderness, there was not the least trouble about it.

Resting from their busy and even fascinating labours, the fugitives waited for the full advent of day.

Then they ascended high enough upon the side of the ledge to overlook all surrounding bushes, and bent a long and searching glance upon the surface of the ocean around them.

Their view of about one-fourth of the horizon was interrupted by the hills above and behind them, but in every other direction a wide range of vision was afforded them from their commanding position.

The wind had now nearly freshened to a gale, and the whole surface of the ocean was as white as yeast, so that the detection of a sail in the midst of the seething waves was no easy matter.

But at length Harry uttered a cry indicative of discovery, although there seemed about as much pain as pleasure in the tone of his voice.

"You see I was right, governor," he said, with outstretched hand. "Yonder is a British frigate!"

The governor and Essie had little difficulty in making out the sail in question.

She was six or eight miles to the eastward and northward, under shortened sail, and standing directly away from the island.

"I am sorry she is leaving us," observed Harry. "At this distance there is not the least chance of attracting her attention. As to the pirate schooner, is not that her just disappearing on the eastern horizon? It certainly is! She is leading the cruiser a chase to the windward, and doubtless taking the advance, as she can sail several points nearer to the wind!"

"It is just as you surmise, major," affirmed the governor, after a long scrutiny. "And see! there are two other ships visible in the eastern board, which are hurrying in the same direction.

They are ships-of-war, without doubt, and are in pursuit of the pirate!"

Such was, indeed, the situation.

"They would have captured the pirate if the calm of last evening had lasted long enough," said Harry. "As it is, she can hold her own so long as she has such a wind in her favour!"

"And that is likely to be all day, major," returned the governor. "The breeze is certainly freshening every moment."

"The pirate is gone, then?" murmured Essie, hopefully. "What joy! I can endure anything better than the presence of the pirates. And if, as we suppose, we are near the retreat of the terrible band of Captain Mallet, the cruisers will be sure to come this way again within a few days or weeks, and our rescue may thus be regarded as certain."

"Right, my child," exclaimed the governor, with a look of blended admiration and love. "You have stated the case exactly. The pirate is sure to give the cruiser the slip, and she will as certainly come this way again, as the object which brought her here in the first instance has not been accomplished, she not having touched anywhere since leaving Barbadoes."

"We all agree, therefore," resumed Harry, "that our situation is not so bad as it might be. We can, at least, be comfortable and hopeful. All we have to do is to make the best of our resources, and to exercise a fair degree of patience. Our stay here will hardly be a long one, and the very necessities of our lot will keep us too busy for us to have much time for repining!"

"And now to enter upon our wild life in the wilderness," proposed the governor, as he gave his arm to Essie to assist her descent. "The first object of our quest is a breakfast and then the major and I will explore the solitudes around us!"

They descended the ledge together.

As terrible as was their situation, they were too thoughtful and sensible not to realise that they had many reasons for thankfulness, and it was with a zest approaching happiness that they entered upon the cares devolving upon them.

## CHAPTER XXII.

In the meantime, Masterman had proved anew in his own person the truth of the philosophy he had expressed in a previous chapter of our narrative, namely, that the slumbers of men of this stamp are troubled and broken, because peopled with horrible phantoms.

For a few minutes after the withdrawal of our friends from his presence, as related, the sleeping assassin writhed in phantasmal tortures, giving utterance to moans and incoherent curses, and at length such a flood of dire images crowded upon his excited brain that he awoke with shrieks of terror.

The dozen latest murders for which he was responsible, the stark and bleeding bodies he had seen on the seashore, his buried treasure, his wild and maddening passion for Essie, and the sudden advent of Harry Clyde upon the scene, to prevent the further crimes the villain had contemplated—all had conspired to plunge Masterman into a state of excitement that rendered his sleep a sort of delirium.

It was nearly a minute, therefore, after he awakened himself with his screams of affright, before he became fully conscious of his surroundings.

"What an idiot I am," he then said to himself, "to be bellowing in this insane manner. And yet how real it all seemed. I never saw anything plainer in my life than I did those dead men clutching at my throat. Ah! she must have heard me! Did I betray myself? What did I say?"

Peering out into the main apartment of the cave, he listened intently.

He was at once struck by the silence.

The fire was still burning brightly, but he saw nothing of the man he had left on the watch beside it.

The discovery gave the villain a start of disagreeable surprise.



"He's probably making himself agreeable to the girl—who may be as wakeful as himself," thought Masterman.

With a twinge of jealous disgust he gained his feet noiselessly, and advanced into the principal cave, still peering around him and listening intently.

To his increasing surprise, neither the major nor Essie was visible. More; he could not hear the least sound of breathing.

This state of affairs struck him as singular; and after watching and listening another brief interval, his curiosity deepened to apprehension, and he looked into the nook in which the governor had taken up his quarters for the night.

Surprise upon surprise! this corner of the cave was empty.

The nook in which Essie had slept was equally vacant.

And finally not the least sign of the presence of the trio was forthcoming!

The deserted man began anathematising vigorously as he caught a brand from the fire and hastily explored the rest of the cavern.

Sure enough, they had vanished.

Why, and whither?

Torch in hand, he hurried forth into the night, scouring about the vicinity of the cave until his light was extinguished, but not the least trace did he find of the whereabouts of his late companions, or of the direction in which they had taken their departure.

"Oh, hang them!" he ejaculated. "There is no possible doubt about it! They have really given me the slip. They propose to get along without me."

He stood silent and motionless a few moments, stunned by his discovery, and then groped his way back into the cavern.

"But why need I wonder?" he asked himself, as he crouched before the fire. "Is it not perfectly natural that they should desire to be rid of me? Does the girl desire my presence? Does the old man, who has barely escaped being killed by me? Does the major, who doubtless regards himself already as a candidate for the hand of Miss Morrow? Of course they would give me the slip at the first opportunity, idiot that I was not to foresee it!"

A thoughtful look mantled his features as he relapsed into silence.

Evidently he was mentally scanning all the aspects of the case, and endeavouring to theorise justly as to the project and movements of the trio.

It was not long before his brow cleared, and he recovered in a great measure his wonted calmness.

"After all, no harm is done," he muttered audibly. "They can't leave the island. If they had all the boats in the world, they would not dare venture to embark for some days to come. And the island is not large enough to render the task of finding them beyond my capabilities. No; I'll be at their new hiding-place before the day is over, certain! It is even as well for my plans that they have taken this course. Wherever they may have hidden themselves I will ferret them out! And then, by watching judiciously for the absence of the father and the major, I can pounce upon the girl unawares, and remove her at once and for ever beyond their knowledge."

A thought of this nature was quite sufficient to restore the villain to his habitual self-possession.

"So, why should I fret?" he demanded of himself. "I have only to make myself comfortable here until morning, and then hunt them up."

He was about to return to his rude couch, when his usual sense of caution asserted itself, telling him that less light was desirable, as in that case he would not be exposed to instant detection by anyone that might chance to enter.

He accordingly scattered the burning embers, so that a sepulchral darkness crept rapidly into the cave, and then threw himself wakefully upon the bed of boughs he had so recently quitted.

A few minutes more had passed in silence, when a glare of torchlight suddenly flashed into the mouth of the cave, and cautious footsteps resounded.

Then two men were seen entering, with muffled features.

Their movements were as full of resolution as of curiosity.

At the first sound of their footsteps Masterman was afoot again.

His first impulse was to advance upon the new-comers.

His second, to retreat as far as possible into the shadows at the rear of the cavern.

An unexpected stumble over an inequality in the rocky flooring at once put an end to his hesitation.

"Hallo! what's that?" exclaimed one of the new-comers.

"Somebody's here," answered the other. "That smell of fire and smoke has a cause, you see. Let's investigate."

The two men continued to advance boldly into the cave.

For one brief instant Masterman was at a loss what course to take.

"Yes, there's the remains of a fire," added the last speaker. "Perhaps one of our men has escaped from the massacre."

Masterman had drawn a pistol, determined to sell his life dearly.

But a movement of the torch in the hand of the foremost man revealed the features of its bearer.

The two men were the false major and Brewer, his new lieutenant.

They had reached the cave we left them setting out to visit.

An instant only Masterman hesitated as to his course after recognising the false major.

Knowing that he was supposed to have been killed by unknown assassins, his first vague sense of apprehension quickly subsided, and he rushed swiftly forward to meet his fellow-pirates, exclaiming:

"Well, this is a joyful surprise. I am astonished as delighted."

The greetings that followed were none the less demonstrative because of the hollow hypocrisy of Masterman.

"You saved yourself, then?" asked the false major, shaking hands with his villainous confederate.

"Yes. How did you know of my trouble, cap'n?"

"We found the bodies on the beach. Who and what were the assailants?"

"I can hardly say. The attack was so sudden and bewildering—the deadly work so rapid," answered Masterman, glibly. "I took them to be Caribs, but it has since occurred to me that they may have been white men disguised. You—you found none of our men living?"

"Certainly not," answered the impostor, unsuspiciously. "They are all deader than Caesar, and several of the bodies have been washed away by the rising tide. We supposed you to have fallen with the rest. Tell us by what happy chance you made your escape."

Masterman hastened to furnish a brief work of the imagination corresponding to the requirements made upon him.

"A narrow escape," commented the false major. "And you were not so much as wounded? You don't often come out of a fight so luckily? What did the victors do with the treasure, Masterman?"

"Oh, they transferred it quickly to half a dozen large boats they had in waiting, and took it away with them."

"Indeed!"

The false major seemed stunned by the bad news.

"How many of these men were there in all?" he went on.

"About a hundred."

"And none of them were killed or wounded, eh?"

"Oh, yes, numbers of them, but the killed and wounded were taken away with them," replied Masterman.

The false major was silent a moment, as if

endeavouring to arrive at some theory concerning the assailants.

"Have you seen Major Clyde?" he presently asked.

"Major Clyde? No sir? Has he escaped again?"

"Yes. I brought him ashore to save him from falling into the hands of the cruisers," explained the false major, "and he escaped at the moment when we were all paralysed by the discovery of the massacre. He's certainly somewhere on the island."

"You surprise me," said Masterman, with well-counterfeited astonishment.

"Yes, he is here," assured the impostor, "and as to the governor and his daughter, they have thrown themselves overboard and are drowned. At least such is my fear, although it is possible that they may have gained the island, or that some other explanation can be given of their absence. Enough! they are gone, and I have been too busy to reason out what has become of them, in the absence of all facts to guide me."

"I see," muttered Masterman. "They must have got desperate. But—how is it that I have the good fortune to see you so unexpectedly?"

"Oh! we have come ashore—half of the men and I—to look for the assassins and robbers, while the schooner stands away to the eastward for a few days, and so ride us of those infernal cruisers. The men are encamped near the end of the island; but I told Brewer of the existence of this cave, and we came here to see it, and to see if we could not catch some glimpse of the robbers."

"I see," muttered Masterman, again. "I am as relieved and pleased at seeing you as I am astonished."

"Well, now that we have found you," said the false major, "we cannot do better than to be making our way back to camp. If the assassins have really left the island we shall have plenty of time to examine the cave, Brewer, and will explore it at our leisure by daylight to-morrow."

He prepared to leave the cave, helping himself to a new torch from the fire, and within half an hour thereafter the three men presented themselves at the camp of the pirates, where Masterman was received with an immense ovation, as became his supposed narrow escape from death.

The day was just breaking, when the whole body of the pirates took their way to the scene of the massacre, with a view to obtain what further information the light of day might throw upon the tragedy.

Masterman was, of course, of the party, as he desired to assure himself that his bags of gold were safely buried.

The bodies of several of the dead pirates still remained on the beach, and soon became objects of the general attention.

In the hand of one of the dead men was found clutched a slip of paper, bearing a few almost illegible words, which were soon made out to read as follows:

"Masterman did it. Proposed to the six in his boat to kill the other six, and so divide the money. Did so. Then proposed to half of six to kill other half. Did so. Then—killed rest—he alone left—gold buried near—"

This was all.

The hand of the mortally wounded pirate had stiffened in death before he could fully express himself. But he had written enough.

(To be Continued.)

THE Duke of Norfolk, the honorary colonel of the 4th West York Artillery, has subscribed £3,000 towards the erection of a new drill-hall for that corps. The officers will raise another £3,000, and the townspeople the remainder of the sum required. A site has been obtained near Bramall Lane, and the new building will be one of the finest of its kind in the kingdom; the corps will be able in it to have a march past under cover. It is hoped that the Duchess of Norfolk will lay the foundation stone.



[A FAIR MANIAC.]

## KITTY'S LAST MANIA.

SHE had had so many that it was hard telling which was the last.

There was always some one thing which she was doing with all her might and main—while the fit lasted—and then that was past and gone, and all her thoughts and energies were bent on its successor.

Her brother had nicknamed her "Kitomania," and the name fitted so well that even her father and mother sometimes used it.

This youngest daughter was a sore trial to her good, commonplace mother, who had brought up all her other daughters to be smart, bustling housewives like herself, and had the satisfaction of seeing one after another marry and settle down in homes of their own.

But Kitty was totally different from all her sisters.

"Just like her father," her mother would sigh. "Not a bit of common sense in her."

Common sense or not, she was certainly a bewitching little creature, with her great dark eyes shining out from the mass of raven hair, that never could be induced to lie smoothly, or be braided, or tied, or fastened with a comb, or do anything but just dance all over her head and neck in a thousand little waves and curls.

And if Kitty did not take kindly to sweeping, or dusting, or cooking, or scrubbing, no one was more ready to do any little kindness for a sick neighbour or a poor family.

And no matter how great her hurry, or how absorbed she might be in her own pursuits, she never forgot to quietly and deftly arrange her father's study, after he had once said:

"Kitty puts every book and paper in just the right place."

Kitty's father, the Rev. Mr. Prescott, was the clergyman of the only church in the little village of Bentley, and if he had not much common sense, as his wife said, he certainly had plenty of every other sort.

Somehow the studious, quiet clergyman and his gay, wilful daughter understood each other wonderfully well, and seemed entirely contented when together.

"It's no use fretting, dear," Mr. Prescott would say, calmly, when his wife poured forth a list of Kitty's shortcomings; "all are not made alike. For instance, you and I are very different."

"I should think so," muttered Mrs. Prescott.

"Yet," pursued the good man, "that did not, and does not, prevent us from loving each other very dearly."

No answer from Mrs. Prescott, but she slipped her hand into her husband's and a softened light shone in her eyes.

"Now," continued Mr. Prescott, "your complaint against Kitty is that she is different from your other daughters. But why do you want them all alike? Jane, and Maria, and Matilda are all quiet and sensible women, who will go through life respectably, just as thousands have done before them, but our little Kitty is of quite another sort."

"I should think so," again ejaculated Mrs. Prescott.

"Yes, and needs different care; but with that care, and Heaven's blessing, I believe her capable of making a much nobler woman than either of her sisters."

"Why, James Prescott, how can you talk so? What have your daughters done that you should go against them like that?"

"Am I going against them?" asked Mr. Prescott, smiling; "and if I am, what are you doing in regard to Kitty?"

"But that is very different," interposed Mrs. Prescott, hastily. "Now, just look at that girl."

The unconscious subject of their discussion had just come into view, racing along the dusty road which led from the village to the little parsonage.

"I see her," responded her husband, smiling, and waving his hand.

Kitty, catching sight of him, swung her broad-brimmed hat over her head, and redoubled her speed.

"Well, did you ever see your other daughters act in that way?" demanded his spouse. "How do you think Jane, or Maria, or Matilda would look racing in that style?"

"Very much as elephants would attempting the same feat," responded Mr. Prescott, with a quiet laugh at the idea of his tall and somewhat stout elder daughters racing along like that little sprite of a kitten.

"Why, Mr. Prescott!" exclaimed his wife, indignantly.

But the entrance of Kitty put an end to the sharp lecture which she was evidently ready to bestow.

"Oh, father!" cried the flushed and panting girl, "I have just the loveliest things to show you. I ran all the way from the village so as to get here sooner."

"And a most improper thing it was to do," remarked Mrs. Prescott, severely.

But her words were lost.

Neither Kitty or her father would hear a single word for the next half hour.

That was certain from the air of absorbed interest with which the girl was unfolding a paper, while the same expression rested on her father's face as he watched her.

"It's of no use. They haven't a grain of common sense between them," sighed the poor woman.

And she betook herself to the kitchen.

"Now, father, look! Did you ever see anything so beautiful?" exclaimed Kitty, as she held up for inspection some of those little pictures with which it is the fashion to ornament pottery. "Just see this bunch of roses! And those ferns! And this cunning little head! And only look at this dog! Doesn't he look like our Tray?"

"They are really very pretty," said Mr. Prescott, looking at each one, as Kitty called his attention to it. "What are they for?"

"Oh, all the girls have them now, and stick them on vases, and jars, and boxes, and almost everything. They call it potochimania, as Aunt Alice did those vases that she ornamented so long ago, but I don't know whether that is the real name."

"Another sort of Kitomania?" remarked her father, with a smile.

"Oh, yes!" laughed Kitty. "I suppose Alf will plague me worse than ever, but I can't help it. My fingers really itch to try these on something. The girls gave me these, and Mary Lane is going to town to-morrow, and will get me some if you are willing. Say yes, there's a good father."

"Certainly, I am willing, dear. Only don't let this new freak make you forget your work, and trouble mother. You know your manias worry her."

"I know they do," said Kitty, penitently. "She says last month it was gardening, and the month before it was croquet, and it's always something. I'm ever so sorry, but somehow, when I am doing one thing, I want to do it all the time, and then take something else the



same way. You don't suppose there's a chance that she would let me ornament the tea set, do you?"

The question was too much for Mr. Prescott's gravity.

The idea of his common-sense wife allowing Kitty to paste pictures over the cups and saucers, pitchers and plates, was irresistibly ludicrous, and he laughed till Kitty joined in his merriment.

"But, really, father," she pleaded, "you don't know how badly I want to try these pictures. I must go and find something."

And off she flew.

Half an hour elapsed without her reappearance.

Mr. Prescott began to fear that she was doing something which would disgrace her in her mother's eyes.

He started in pursuit.

He found her in her room, so absorbed in her occupation that she did not hear him as he paused by the open door.

There she sat in the middle of the floor, while about her stood the various articles on which she had already exercised her skill.

Bowl and pitcher, soap dish and mug, all shone forth resplendent, while the handles of her hair-brush and tooth-brush were highly ornamented.

As her father entered she was just gumming a bunch of roses, which, it was quite evident, she intended to fasten on a clean white apron which lay before her.

"I wouldn't do that, Kitty," said her father, quietly.

And Kitty looked up hastily.

"Your mother would not be willing for you to put those pictures on your clothes," he continued.

"No, I suppose she wouldn't," admitted Kitty, reluctantly; "but it would look very pretty, wouldn't it, father?"

"It would be spoiled as soon as the apron had to be washed," suggested her father, consolingly. "Come into the study, and let us try to find some things that you may ornament."

This new mania of Kitty's drove her mother nearly wild.

The bean-pot was discovered to have a wreath of flowers about it, top and bottom, while birds, beasts, and fishes were scattered over it in wild confusion, and as a thick coat of varnish covered them they could not be removed.

It was useless to scold. The girl really meant no harm.

More than that, she meant to do right, but when one of her manias seized her she forgot all else.

The present freak had lasted several weeks, and, as poor Mrs. Prescott said to her other daughters, the only comfort was that Kitty couldn't find many more places to stick her pictures.

Everything was covered with them.

Even the pump had been decorated and duly varnished.

Mr. Prescott smiled quietly at most of the results.

But when a picture appeared where it was seriously annoying to his wife, a gentle reproof from him never failed to arrest Kitty's decorative art for the time.

"She will sober down soon enough," he would say, rather sadly. "You did not know me, my dear, when I acted in much the same way."

"You!" exclaimed his wife, incredulously. "No, and I don't believe you ever did such things. Why, you are as quiet as a lamb."

"Nevertheless, my mother could tell you of sad pranks that I used to play," answered Mr. Prescott. "But she was so gentle and kindly that I could not go on forgetting."

The words sank deep into Mrs. Prescott's heart.

"Gentle and kindly?"

She was not that to Kitty, she knew.

Perhaps if she were it might have more effect on the girl than her constant talking and fault-finding.

At any rate, she might try.

So for a few days, if she could not quite succeed in looking kindly when some fresh delinquency was discovered, at least she said nothing, and Mr. Prescott being away on business, Kitty was left very much to her own devices.

But her father had charged her to be very good while he was absent, so she really behaved quite well.

Mr. Prescott was expected home on Saturday night.

On Saturday morning Kitty resolved to give her father's study a thorough sweeping and dusting.

Her mother approved.

So she went busily to work, and soon every nook and corner of the apartment was as clean as possible.

"Now I must fill his vases," said Kitty, as she surveyed the room approvingly.

And in another instant she was in the garden cutting flowers.

But as Kitty arranged the flowers the idea came into her mind how much some of her darling pictures would improve the vases.

It could not be any harm. The vases were her own.

So pictures, gum, and scissors were quickly found.

The trouble was not in ornamenting the vases.

But when Kitty once began she did not know where to stop.

It seemed to her that she had but just got her pictures spread out when the dinner-bell rang, and her mother called:

"Kitty! Kitty! Haven't you finished that room yet?"

"Yes'm!" answered Kitty, hastily gathering up her treasures, and realising with a guilty feeling that her father's favourite inkstand had four pictures on it.

However, she comforted herself with the reflection that she had not varnished it, so they could be scraped off if her father didn't like them.

Perhaps he would!

At any rate, she would leave them until she could ask him.

The next morning was a lovely day.

"Are you ready for church, Kitty?" called her father.

And he might be pardoned for kissing her fondly as she came bounding downstairs in answer to his summons, for a brighter, bonnier sight was seldom seen.

"All ready!" she answered, as she returned his kiss, "and ever so glad to have you home again."

"Well, run and put my sermon in my coat pocket, and my handkerchief, too. I am afraid I am rather late."

And Mr. Prescott hastily went to the closet for his best hat.

"Now help me on with my coat, little woman. That's all right. Now we will start."

And the minister and his family were very soon walking decorously towards the little church.

The first part of the service passed over as usual.

Kitty sat quietly by her mother's side in the front pew.

But the day was warm, and Mr. Prescott, while reading one of the hymns, drew forth his handkerchief to wipe the moisture from his brow.

It was nicely folded, and as he read he gave it a little shake, when out flew a cloud of pictures—flowers, heads, and beasts, some lodging on the pulpit, others fluttering to the ground.

Kitty gave a faint cry, and half sprang from her seat, but her mother's hand held her sternly down.

There was some commotion in the congregation, particularly among the juvenile portion, but fortunately the organ pealed out the opening notes of the hymn, and order was soon restored.

Kitty stood ashamed and sorrowful through the singing.

To think that she had played such a dreadful trick on her dear father!

To be sure she had not meant to; but who would know that?

Who would even know that it was she who had put those pictures there, and not her father himself?

She remembered how it happened.

Those were the very pictures that she had mislaid and searched for so long in vain, and she recollected now that she had been using them in the study, and being called away, had slipped them into one of the handkerchiefs in her father's drawer till she should return.

Poor Kitty! she dared not look towards her mother.

Finally she gave a little timid glance up to the pulpit, fearing to see grave displeasure in her father's face.

But no!

There he stood, as quiet and calm as usual, but with such a loving, tender smile in his eyes as they met hers that the poor child was quite overcome.

Great tears rolled silently down her cheeks, and she took her seat with a subdued air seldom seen in her.

But the misfortunes of the morning were not over.

The hymn concluded, Mr. Prescott drew his sermon from his pocket.

Kitty's eyes were fixed on the ground, when, to her horror, instead of the text, there fell on her ears a half-smothered laugh, followed by another and another, from various parts of the church.

Glancing up in astonishment, she saw that her father held in his hand the morocco cover in which he usually placed his sermons.

But instead of being plain black, as was its original state, it was gaily decorated with a huge Chinese pagoda on one side and an equally huge mandarin on the other, while the leaves were so profusely ornamented as to render the manuscript quite unreadable.

Once again Kitty caught her father's glance, with the same tender, pitying smile, before she buried her face in her hands and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Only for a moment did Mr. Prescott hesitate.

Then, laying aside the useless sermon, he began, in a low, sweet voice, a discourse that thrilled to the hearts of all his listeners, so full was it of the "peace that passeth understanding."

How beautifully he spoke of the duties of parents towards their children, of the love, kindness, and forbearance which should be exercised towards them.

Many a parent remembered that sermon with silent blessings on the preacher, with great thankfulness for the work that it wrought.

But to Kitty every word added to her sorrow and repentance, and her distress was evidently so deep that even her mother forbore reproaches.

That day put an end to "Kitomania" in the Prescott family, and Kitty advanced steadily in her mother's good graces as she turned her superfluous energies to the household pursuits.

"That girl will make a smart woman yet," Mrs. Prescott would remark, complacently.

"I quite agree with you," her husband would reply, "and, remember, it is all owing to my illustrated sermon."

## HATS.

As to the etymology of our English word Hat: French, Chapeau; Italian, Cappello; Spanish, Sombrero; it is differently derived by different authors; but it is in all probability derived from the Anglo-Saxon *Hæst*, to cover. In German the equivalent is *Hut*. A thimble is called a finger-hat, and by a parity of reasoning a glove, a hand-shoe. In Dutch it is *Hoed*, in Swedish, *Hatt*. *Hoved* or *Hood*, the past participle of *Heave*, Anglo-Saxon *Heaf-en*, have formed, in Horne Tooke's opinion (see *Diversions of Purley*), the derivations of *Hood*, *Hat*,

and Hut. Thus Hat would be the past tense of the same verb as Head; and mean, equally, something that is heaved or raised, as the head is raised above the shoulders, and the hat above the head.

Hats are alluded to by the earliest English authors of whom we have any knowledge, and hats, by whatsoever name they may have been called, have been in use from the remotest periods of human existence. When the Romans gave freedom to their slaves they bestowed upon them a hat, in token of their enfranchisement, and the hat has been ever since a symbol of freedom. The Eton boys are bound by an unwritten charter of etiquette, as strict as that which binds the Bluecoat boys to go bareheaded—to wear hats and not caps. The hat is a kind of aristocratic badge to distinguish the Etonian from other schoolboys. A young gentleman who presented himself at cricket, and arrayed in a cap, in the Eton playing fields would have "a very bad time" of it.

### DIALOGUE

Between an English gentleman on his arrival in Ireland and Terence, his servant, a native of that Country.

MASTER: "Does it rain?"

TERRY: "No, sir."

MASTER: "I see the sun shines—Post nubils Phœbus."

TERRY: "The post has not come in yet."

MASTER: "How long did you live with Mr. T.?"

TERRY: "In troth, sir, I can't tell. I passed my time so pleasantly in his service, that I never kept any account of it. I might have lived with him all the days of my life, and a great deal longer if I pleased."

MASTER: "What made you leave him?"

TERRY: "My young mistress took it into her head to break my heart; for I was obliged to attend her to church, to the play, &c."

MASTER: "Was not your master a proud man?"

TERRY: "The proudest man in the kingdom; for he would not do a dirty action for the universe."

MASTER: "What age are you now?"

TERRY: "I am just the same age of Paddy Lahy; he and I were born in a week of each other."

MASTER: "How old is he?"

TERRY: "I can't tell; nor I don't think he can tell himself."

MASTER: "Were you born in Dublin?"

TERRY: "No, sir, I might if I had mind; but I preferred the country. And, please Heaven, if I live and do well I'll be buried in the same parish I was born in."

MASTER: "You can write, I suppose?"

TERRY: "Yes, sir, as fast as a dog can trot."

MASTER: "Which is the usual mode of travelling in this country?"

TERRY: "Why, sir, if you travel by water, you must take a boat. And if you travel by land, either in a chaise, or on horseback; and those that can't afford either one or t'other, are obliged to trudge it on foot."

MASTER: "Which is the pleasantest season for travelling?"

TERRY: "Faith, sir, I think that season in which a man has most money in his purse."

MASTER: "I believe your roads are passably good."

TERRY: "They are all passable, sir, if you pay the turnpike."

MASTER: "I am told you have an immense number of horned cattle in this country."

TERRY: "Faith, we have, sir, plenty of every colour."

MASTER: "But I think it rains too much in Ireland."

TERRY: "So everyone says; but Sir Boyle says, he will bring in an Act of Parliament of fair weather; and I am sure the poor hay-makers and turf-cutters will bless him for it."

Heaven bless him; it was he that first proposed that every quart bottle should hold a quart."

MASTER: "As you have many fine rivers, I suppose you have abundance of fish."

SERVANT: "The best ever water wot. The first fish in the world, except themselves. Why, master, I won't tell you a fib; if you were at the Boyne, you could get salmon and trout for nothing, and if you were at Ballyshanny, you'd get them for less."

MASTER: "Were you ever in England?"

SERVANT: "No, sir, but I'd like very much to see that fine country."

MASTER: "Your passage to Liverpool, or the Head, would not cost more than half a guinea."

SERVANT: "Faith, master, I'd rather walk it than pay half of the money."

### FACETIÆ.

#### A FOUR-TASTE OF PARENTAL JOY.

THE wife of a tinker at Edinburgh has given birth to three sons and a daughter, "at one fell swoop." Welcome, little quadruplets, may this two pair be the joy of the two parents. But what a formidable family all at once!

—Funny Folks.

#### A CHARACTER.

A MAN being asked about the trustworthiness of a certain person who was in search of a situation, said:

"There are doubtless vocations in which he could be trusted. There's real estate for example. If that were put in his care I think the owner would find his property where he left it. I shouldn't care to speak as to any other kind of property."

#### "BLENDED."

LADY (who has received character of servant by post, and asked servant to call and see her): "Well, I think on the whole I am satisfied with your character; you seem to be honest and respectable."

SERVANT: "Yes, ma'm, I have an honest principle, ma'm—cleanliness is my delight, with respectability blended."

—Fun.

#### "DISTANCE LENDS—"

TOURIST (who wishes to make a diversion from the track): "How far is it from here to Ballinagar?"

IRISHMAN: "Shure by the Peat Moor, it's niver a step less than four miles there and about six and a half miles back."

—Fun.

WHY is the priest when he catechizes the children in Church the funniest fellow in the building?—Because he is the querist.

—Fun.

ABEL, in Hebrew, means vanity; and a belle, in English, has much the same signification.

—Fun.

#### AN ALTERNATIVE.

CISST: "Pa's going to bring us home something to-night; I wonder what it will be."

TOMMY: "Yes, but suppose he doesn't see anything."

CISST: "Oh, then he will bring something else, of course."

—Fun.

#### AN OPEN QUESTION.

ARE Lancashire operatives accustomed to Peace-work?

—Fun.

#### LIGHT LITERATURE.

A PEN is like a candle, useless unless it is (s)lit.

—Fun.

WHAT is the difference between a clergyman and a brand distillery?—One brings forth the fruits of the Spirit, and the other the spirits of the fruit.

—Fun.

#### TOO SHARP.

NURSE: "Did you put that nasty mud on the doorstep, Master Charles?"

LITTLE MASTER CHARLES: "No, nurse."

NURSE (artfully): "But I saw you from the window."

CHARLES (more artfully): "That you didn't for I looked up to all the windows before I did it."

—Judy.

WHY is one of Mr. Byron's barbaresque like a portion of India?—Because it's a Punjaub (Punjab).

—Judy.

#### THE WANING OF THE HONEYMOON.

ANGELINA (suppressing an inclination to yawn): "How nice it would be if some friend were to turn up; wouldn't it, Edwin?"

EDWIN (after yawning elaborately): "Ye-e-es—or even some enemy!"

—Punch.

#### MISUNDERSTOOD.

MUSCULAR HIGH CHURCH CURATE: "Wonderful things 'Grace' does!"

LOW CHURCH VICAR (surprised at the serious observation from his volatile friend): "Ah, my dear sir, true—"

HIGH CHURCH CURATE: "Yes. Only fancy, y'know!—ninety-two, and not out!!"

—Punch.

#### TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

An entertainer advertises that he "having cultivated the art of mnemonics for some years, is enabled without the aid of a single note, to recite nearly twenty thousand lines of poetry." It is all very well for this entertaining gentleman to say he can perform this feat on feats (there are a good many feet in 20,000 lines) without the aid of a single note, but we expect he is not above the aid of a couple of 45 notes.

—Fun.

#### OUTRAGE.

THE other day a journal, hitherto without a spot on its character, inquired with well-feigned innocence:

"How can five persons divide five eggs so that each man will receive one and still one remain in the dish?"

After several hundred people went two-thirds distracted in the mazes of this proposition, the journal meekly says:

"One takes the dish with the egg."

#### "AL" THE DIFFERENCE.

THE moral mowing-machine may be applied too much and too often to the minds of the youths of both sexes, and the result is much the same as when a lawn is kept too closely trimmed—the lawn lacks a daisy, and the boys and girls grow up larksadical!

BEACONSFIELD says, if you'll only give him time, and her gracious Majesty will only come and see him often enough, he'll guarantee to get more trees planted than ever the People's William will live to cut down.

—Figaro.

#### A DEEP SINGER.

THERE is a bass singer on his way here who can go down so deep that he means to give his concerts in the Forest of Dean, where his agent-in-advance has already secured the bottom of a worked-out coalpit-shaft for the reserved seat holders.

—Figaro.

#### APPROPRIATE.

MR. GLADSTONE vacates his seat for Greenwich at the next election. He has not as yet (for good reasons, no doubt) informed the country which constituency he will afterwards condescend to represent; but he will never get a better title than "the member for Russia."

—Judy.

#### FULL INSIDE.

THE following has appeared in a very Irish paper:

"Purse lost by a poor widow woman, who has a sick child containing 13s. and a letter."

No wonder that the child is unwell, if it has swallowed the articles enumerated; so would anyone be if subject to "bobs" on the chest. With regard to the literary contents of this ill-behaved juvenile, it is evidently a case of love of learning, since the child has tried to inwardly digest its letters.

—Fun.

A STAGE "COACH"—The prompter.

—Funny Folks.



## MUTUAL INSURANCE.

**THE Liability of Masters, under the Employers' Liability Bill, to compensate their servants for injuries done by them to one another in their common employment, will probably not tend to increase the carefulness for their common safety of workmen in general.**

It can hardly be expected, for example, to make coal-miners more particular in their use of Davy lamps, in firing shots and igniting matches. Perhaps, if Masters are to indemnify servants for mutual injuries arising from accident, servants, on the other hand, might fairly be bound to make good amongst them any damage accidentally done by any of them to their master's property. —Punch.

## A "MOLDY" NATION.

A CORRESPONDENT of ours is much exercised because he has just found out that Mold is in Flint.

"That Flint," he writes, "is in mould we may be tempted to believe, but that mould is in Flint, never!"

We wonder, then, whether he will believe us when we tell him that both Mold and Flint are to be found in Wales? —Funny Folks.

## MAKING A NIGHT OF IT.

WHAT can be more foolish than to remain dancing from ten or eleven at night until three or four in the morning? Staying up talking and listening to talk from four one afternoon till twenty-five past ten next morning.

—Punch.

## CRUEL.

APROPOS of the dog-tax, someone has written to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to inquire whether a terrier is to be paid for according to its rat-able value. He has been referred to Holloway for an answer—the Dog's Holloway, of course.

—Judy.

## A CABINET QUESTION.

MRS. JUGGINS can't make out why there's such a fuss about a split in the Cabinet. She noticed a split in her cabinet once, but it was only in the join, and a little glue put it right. Perhaps Mrs. Juggins will not be astonished to hear that this little affair is owing to a jawin'—the jawin' administered to Carnarvon.

—Fun.

## "A MIXED BREED."

SOME of the provincial papers, in announcing the death of a centenarian named Sarah Warburton, say that she had, besides two daughters, "a son in America who is the father of 13 children and great grandmother to two." That "old Sarah" was "grandmother to 23—great grandmother to 51—and great great grandfather to two." This is rather puzzling at first. Country folks have strange ways of mixing matters, but thus successfully and at once to make a man both a "father" and "great grandmother to two," and a woman both a great grandmother and a great great grandfather too, is an achievement both great and grand! So we conclude that there is "talent" on those provincial papers, and take advantage of it to amuse our readers.

—Fun.

## DEFERRED GALLANTRY.

LORD SALISBURY has been rather a long time picking up the Garter which the Countess dropped—just five hundred and twenty-nine years, that's all.

—Funny Folks.

## BATHER SHARP, THIS!

WHY is an elaborately profound joke like a needle?—Because you can't very easily see the "point," but you can feel it. —Funny Folks.

## STATISTICS.

**THE SPOIL.**—The treaty of San Stefano would introduce the following alterations of territory and inhabitants:—Serbia, would gain 3,280 English square miles and 216,000 inhabitants, whom of 92,000 are Mussulmans. Montenegro,

would gain 1,160 square miles and 45,000 inhabitants, of whom one-third are Mussulmans. Allowing for the exchange of Bessarabia against the Dobruzscha, Roumania would gain 3,980 square miles and 194,000 inhabitants, of whom 100,000 are Mussulmans. New Bulgaria would consist of 51,240 square miles, and contain 3,822,000 inhabitants, of whom 1,430,000 are Moslems; of the latter, 800,000 are Turks and Circassians, and the remainder Mahomedan Bulgarians. The total loss of Turkey in Europe alone would therefore be nearly 60,000 square miles of territory, with 4,277,000 inhabitants; and 1,637,000 Mussulmans would pass under Christian domination.

## LIFE'S LITTLE ILLS.

THE water, drop by drop that falls,  
Shall fret away the rugged rock  
That, scatheless, in its rooted walls,  
Withstands the earthquake's Titan shock.

A puny insect's viewless sting,  
That with repeated malice darts,  
Shall oft more deadly anguish bring  
Than sword-thrusts through our very hearts.

Each passing moment of suspense,  
When poised we hang 'twixt hope  
and fear,  
Shall seem to wring each waiting sense  
Longer than sorrow's longest year.

So, in life's passage, still we find—  
Whatever form or mask we wear—  
That heart-pangs of the sternest kind  
We oft shall steel ourselves to bear.

These cast their shadows far afield  
And warn and arm us for the blow;  
We gird our loins, uplift our shield,  
And with grim courage meet the foe.

But ah, the Little Ills of life—  
The wearing drops, the insect sting  
That fret and cross us in the strife—  
For these nor arms nor shield we bring!

Without defence these find us still,  
And prick us sorely day by day,  
And though perchance they may not kill,  
Too oft, alas, we wish they may!

Aye, harder than the deadliest grief,  
These myriad frets and stings to bear!

Yet even for these there is relief—  
The Balm of Patience and of Prayer!  
C. D. G.

## GEMS.

We cannot earn genuine manhood except by steadily serving out the period of boyhood.

SOME persons are capable of making great sacrifices, but few are capable of concealing how much the effort has cost them, and it is this concealment that constitutes their value.

LET your recreations be manly, moderate, seasonable and lawful; the use of recreation is to strengthen your labour and sweeten your rest. But there are some so rigid, or so timorous, that they avoid all diversions, and dare not abandon lawful delights for fear of offending. These are hard tutors, if not tyrants, to themselves; whilst they pretend to a mortified strictness, they are injurious to their own liberty, and to the liberality of their Maker.

True virtue consists in improving the mind and in purifying the heart—in bearing goodwill towards mankind and engaging them to love truth and moral excellence.

ART shows us man as he can, by no other

means be made known. Art gives us "nobler loves and nobler cares," furnishing objects by the contemplation of which we are taught and exalted, and so are ultimately led to seek beauty in its highest form, which is goodness.

## HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

**BLACKBERRY JAM.**—Mash the blackberries, cover them with white sugar, and stand them over night in a cool place. Use one pound of sugar to three pounds of berries. In the morning boil for twenty minutes, stirring well, but using no water. Have the jars hot the same for canning fruit, put in the jam while hot, and screw on the lids immediately—tightening them again, when cool.

**TO MAKE LEMONADE.**—Pare off the yellow peel, unless the lemonade is to be used immediately, because the peel, by standing with the sugar, imparts a bitter taste to the drink. Some roll the lemons before they are peeled and sliced, to break the cells and set free the juices. Others slice the lemons upon the sugar, in the proportion of one lemon to two large spoonfuls of sugar, mashing the slices with the sugar and leaving it just covered with water for ten or fifteen minutes before filling up with water.

**THE QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.**—One pint of bread crumbs, one quart milk, one cup sugar, butter size of an egg, yolks of four eggs. Flavour with lemon, and bake as custard. Beat the whites of four eggs to a froth, mix with a cup of powdered sugar and juice of a lemon. Spread a layer of fruit jelly over the custard while hot; cover with the frosting, and bake until slightly brown. To be eaten cold, with cold cream, or warm, with any sauce that may be preferred.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

A WRITER in the "Lancet," speaking of the effects of cold and warm baths, says: "The ultimate result of hot and cold baths, if their temperature be moderate, is about the same, the difference being, to use the words of Braun, that cold refreshes by stimulating the functions, heat by physically facilitating them; and in this lies the important practical difference between the cold water system and the thermal method of treatment."

**MILK, BUTTER, CREAM, ETC.**—Milk, and the preparation from milk, are most important articles of food for the sick. Butter is the lightest kind of animal fat, and though it wants the sugar and some of the other elements which exist in milk, yet it is most valuable both in itself as fat, and enabling the patient to eat more bread.

PARIS is pre-eminently the City of Bonnets, and therefore, it is not surprising that those marvellous articles of costume—equally dear to the feminine heart and purse—should play a conspicuous part in the great exhibition. One of them is marked £250, and another £350! The cheaper Exhibition bonnet is adorned with a small piece of gold lace—real gold. The more costly one has a piece of imitation lace, made of mother of pearl, and the waste of the fragile material in cutting out the pattern cost the additional £100. A £500 bonnet, trimmed with real jewellery, is also an attraction.

THE oil obtained from the seeds of the Cham-moogra odorata, a tree indigenous to, and growing abundantly in, the Sylhet district, is said to be used in India, and is an infallible remedy for scrofula.

ONE day while Dickens was being taken by a photographer, the result being the well-known picture in which he is shown writing, the artist told him that he did not hold the pen right, and suggested that he should take it more naturally in his fingers. "Just as though you were writing one of your novels, Mr. Dickens," said he. "I see," said Dickens, "all of 'er twist!"

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**JULIA.**—As a rule, it would not be proper for a lady to do so. But there may be modifying circumstances known to the young lady's parents which would render it proper, in their estimation, for her to depart from the general rule.

**JOHN.**—You can take your choice of the two pronunciations.

**LILLIAN.**—Ladies should always behave with the most delicate reserve towards gentlemen. It is better for them to err constantly on the side of strictness in manner than to run the risk of being thought frivolous or bold.

**J. C. L.**—For crumpets add three pints of lukewarm milk to a pound and a half of flour, two tablespoonfuls of yeast, and two eggs; beat into a batter and let stand still till bladders rise on the top, then bake in tin runs on a polished iron. 2. For muffins strain into a pan a pint of warm milk and a quarter of a pound of thick small-beer yeast, add sufficient flour to make the whole into a batter; cover it over and let it stand in a warm place until it has risen; then add a quarter of a pint of warm milk and an ounce of butter rubbed in some flour quite fine. Mix these well together, then add sufficient flour to convert it into dough; cover it over and let it stand for half an hour; then work it up again and break it into small pieces; roll them into a round form and cover them for a quarter of an hour. Watch carefully while baking them that the iron does not become too hot. 3. We do not know of any.

**CLAY.**—Either party can take the initiative in such a matter. If you wish to return his ring and get your own send him to him and request him to send yours to you.

**CALDER.**—Assayers of ores can be found in almost every large town.

**T.**—The more you read and the more you study the better. You should also hear all the good speakers you have an opportunity to, and should practice declamation constantly.

**E. E. G. L.**—Superfluous hairs can be removed by a mixture of quicksilver two ounces, and orpiment half an ounce, boiled in strong alkaline lye, but all depilatories are necessarily dangerous; a pair of tweezers would be efficacious and safer. On such places the hair will most likely never grow again. 2. We cannot tell you; we have never heard of it.

**C. O.**—They can be grown from seed in a soil adapted to them.

**ETIQUETTE.**—A young man should not take a young lady's aim.

**R. V. T.**—When metals become rusty or are covered with verdigris they should be rubbed with sand or emery; but if the substance is deeply affected it requires to be filed. The polish may be afterwards restored by applying a very fine powder of emery moistened with oil and cleaned off with a leather covered with whiting. Silver, gold, or tin stained by any sulphurous emanation should first be washed with water slightly acidulated with vinegar and then rubbed with whiting.

**CLARA.**—We think, if the young man returned one of your letters unopened, there is not much more remaining to be done in reference to your acquaintance with him.

**HELENA.**—Lovers of intelligence and good taste are not apt to billand ooo in company. Lovers who are so foolish as to do so become objects of pity for their friends and the laughing-stock of others. Your lover probably belongs to the intelligent and tasteful class, and therefore reserves his manifestations of affection for appropriate occasions.

**EDWARD.**—The reason assigned constitutes no ground of objection. It would be proper for you to ascertain whether that is the real ground or not, for it is entitled to no weight whatever.

**P. E.**—You had better place the whole business in the hands of some capable and honest lawyer, who will attend to it for you.

**MARE.**—You would not be justified in going to the house to stay.

**NELL.**—We think your decision should depend upon whether your parents' objections are well founded or not.

**ROSE.**—The handwriting is very fair, but better can be done.

**JESSE,** fair, auburn hair, tall, grey eyes, of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a young man with a view to matrimony.

**BESS,** thirty, fond of home and children, dark, would like to correspond with a gentleman with a view to matrimony.

**L. L. and V. D.,** two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. **D. L.** is seventeen, light hair, blue eyes, medium height. **V. D.** is eighteen, medium height, dark hair, dark brown eyes, loving, fond of home and children.

**MAY and TILLY,** two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. **MAY** is fair, medium height. **TILLY** is fair, fond of dancing. Must be between twenty-five and thirty.

**L. C. and F. P.,** two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. **L. C.** is twenty, tall, brown hair, dark eyes, fond of home. **F. P.** is twenty-four, medium height, dark brown hair, dark eyes, and very fond of music.

**F. W. and D. M.,** two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies. **F. W.** is twenty-two, of medium height, fair, loving. **D. M.** is twenty, tall, dark, good-looking.

**L. C. R. and G. B.,** two friends, would like to correspond with two seamen in the Royal Navy. **L. C. R.** is twenty-eight, tall. **G. B.** is nineteen, medium height. Respondents must be between nineteen and twenty-two, dark.

**E. B. R.,** twenty, brown hair, grey eyes, domesticated, would like to correspond with a young man about the same age.

## THE FALLEN GLOVE.

As once again, with loosened rein,  
I threaded the pathway shady—  
Blue skies above, green woods around,  
And underneath me "Sadie;"  
My gentle mare—what treasure-grove  
Is this that lies before me?  
A woman's glove, a tremors-glove,  
That brings old reminders o'er me!

The monogram too well I know  
That marks the buttons rusty,  
Through all the shapely parts with snow  
And rain are black and musty,  
And still it brings the vision of  
The dainty hand that filled it,  
And taught my bosom first to love,  
And then with sorrow thrilled it.

That hand to me once pledged its faith;  
How well I mind the Martime  
We last rode down this bridle-path  
And made of life a playtime!  
A floating garb of green she wore,  
Her wind-tossed curls o'erleant her,  
The ivory-handled whip she wore  
Became a fairy's sceptre.

And, as she smiled the fond love that  
But once to man uncloses.  
The path so stony, bare, and flat  
Seemed felled deep with roses;  
And presently her glove was lost,  
We sought in vain to find it,  
And then rode on, with language most  
Love-fraught, and ceased to mind it.

I thought not it to find it again,  
As now, mildewed and tattered,  
After these months of heavy pain  
Have all my hopes so shattered!  
For lightly, as was lost this glove,  
Was every pledge decided,  
And cast aside the trusting love  
That all my life had guided.

But precious is my heart's regret  
For that which once so thrilled it,  
And I will keep this token yet,  
Though false the hand that filled it,  
As once again along the path,  
Grey, grassy, bare, or stony,  
Alone with memory's weeping wraith,  
I guide my lazy pony.

N. D. U.

**TINY and POLLY,** two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. **TINY** is eighteen, brown hair, blue eyes, tall, fond of home and music. **POLLY** is eighteen, black hair and eyes, fair, of a loving disposition. Respondents must be good-looking, fond of home and children.

**FLORA and CLARA,** two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. **FLORA** is twenty, tall, dark hair, blue eyes. **CLARA** is twenty-two, dark hair and eyes, of a loving disposition. Respondents must be about twenty-two, tall.

**AGNES F.,** nineteen, of a loving disposition, tall, dark eyes, would like to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony. Respondent must be about twenty, fond of home and children, brown hair, dark eyes.

**F. K.,** twenty, dark, would like to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony, twenty-two, good-tempered.

**ALICE and ROSA,** two friends, wish to correspond with two seamen. **ALICE** is twenty-six, dark. **ROSA** is twenty-two, fair. Respondents must be seamen in the Royal Navy.

**H. C. F.,** twenty, fair, medium height, would like to correspond with a gentleman about twenty-four, fond of home.

**NELLY,** nineteen, fair, fond of home and music, tall, would like to correspond with a young man with a view to matrimony.

**F. S. J.,** twenty-one, good-looking, would like to correspond with a young lady about seventeen.

**ORR,** eighteen, good-tempered, would like to correspond with a fair young lady about seventeen, fond of home.

**A. T. and K. A.,** would like to correspond with two young men. **A. T.** is sixteen, auburn hair, dark grey eyes. **K. A.** is seventeen, medium height, dark brown hair, grey eyes.

**F. C. E.,** twenty-four, dark hair, hazel eyes, fair, and medium height, wishes to correspond with a gentleman. Must be fair, good-looking.

**F. D. and T. L.,** two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. **F. D.** is twenty-seven, dark hair, dark grey eyes, medium height. **T. L.** is eighteen, fair, medium height, light hair, light grey eyes, thoroughly domesticated.

**JANET,** good-looking, light brown hair, dark blue eyes, would like to correspond with a young man with a view to matrimony.

**FLYING JACK A.,** a seaman in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony. He is twenty-three, medium height, fair, curly hair, blue eyes. Respondent must be about twenty, fond of home.

**M. B.,** twenty-two, brown hair, hazel eyes, of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a gentleman. Must be about twenty-five, dark, fond of home, and an abstainer.

**ROSEHANNAH and SINDER,** two friends, would like to correspond with two seamen in the Royal Navy. **ROSEHANNAH** is twenty-one, dark, hazel eyes, medium height. **SINDER** is twenty-one, tall, light blue eyes, thoroughly domesticated.

**GEAR,** a seaman in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with a young lady. He is twenty-three, tall, good-looking. Respondent must be about nineteen, and fond of children.

**WILL,** eighteen, tall, would like to correspond with a handsome young lady.

**ARTHUR F. and J. W.,** two sailors in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. **ARTHUR** is twenty, medium height, fair, dark blue eyes. **J. W.** is nineteen, tall, hazel eyes. Respondents must be about twenty.

**COMPRESSOR BARS and SPRING GUN SPIKE,** two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. **COMPRESSOR BARS** is twenty-one, medium height, brown hair, blue eyes, good-looking. **SPRING GUN SPIKE** is twenty-two, dark hair and eyes, fond of music, of a loving disposition.

**ALBERTA,** seventeen, tall, dark hair, hazel eyes, dark, good-tempered, wishes to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony. Respondent must be about the same age.

**HARRIET,** twenty-four, fond of home and children, golden hair, blue eyes, loving, would like to correspond with a young man about twenty-eight, dark hair, brown eyes, medium height, good-looking, fond of home and children.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

**M. M. D.** is responded to by—**R. B.,** thirty, a widow—no family.

**L. R. M.** by—**Alfred,** thirty-seven.

**SPERANZA D.** by—**G. S. L.**

**K. P.** by—**Billy,** eighteen, dark eyes, fair, of a loving disposition.

**W. G.** by—**Effie.**

**W. A.** by—**Annie.**

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